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Maltbie Davenport Babcock

A Reminiscent Sketch and Memorial

By Charles E. Robinson, D. D.

*God's endless love! What will it be
When earthly shadows flee away.
For all eternity's bright day
The unfolding of that love to see!*
M. D. B.



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To Katharine Tallman Babcock,

Wife of

Maltbie Davenport Babcock,

*This book is affectionately dedicated by the devoted
friend of them both.*

Charles E. Robinson.

*This is the death of Death, to breathe away a
breath*

*And know the end of strife, and taste the
deathless life.*

*And joy without a fear, and smile without a
tear*

*And work, nor care, nor rest, and find the last
the best.*

—M. D. B.

Preface

THESE pages are not designed to afford a philosophic study of Dr. Babcock's life, nor an analysis of the sources of his remarkable power, but just what the name given them indicates. They took shape first in the form of a biographical sketch, which the writer was requested to prepare for the students of Auburn Theological Seminary, while there two years ago, during the year of Professor Hoyt's absence in Europe; his lifelong intimacy with Dr. Babcock and his family being the reason for the request.

The earnest desire expressed by many friends to have this sketch put in more permanent form, is the excuse for its publication. To do so required its enlargement

sufficient to reach the proportions of this little book. It is not a life of Dr. Babcock, and should not be measured by the standards of a biography.

As it was not thought best to eliminate the personal features of the sketch, several claiming that it was just what they wanted, it has taken the shape and title of "A Reminiscent sketch" of a life too attractive and beautiful, too noble and helpful to have no memento. Now that it is prepared it seems wholly inadequate.

It is impossible to write of Dr. Babcock in terms less than superlative. To do so would lead one to incur the chiding of his other friends. The quotations appended at the end of the volume, are not only to give the pathetic tributes to his memory, but to show that those who wrote them came also under the same spell of his short but memorable career.

C. E. R.

*Pelham Manor, N. Y.,
October, 1904.*

Contents

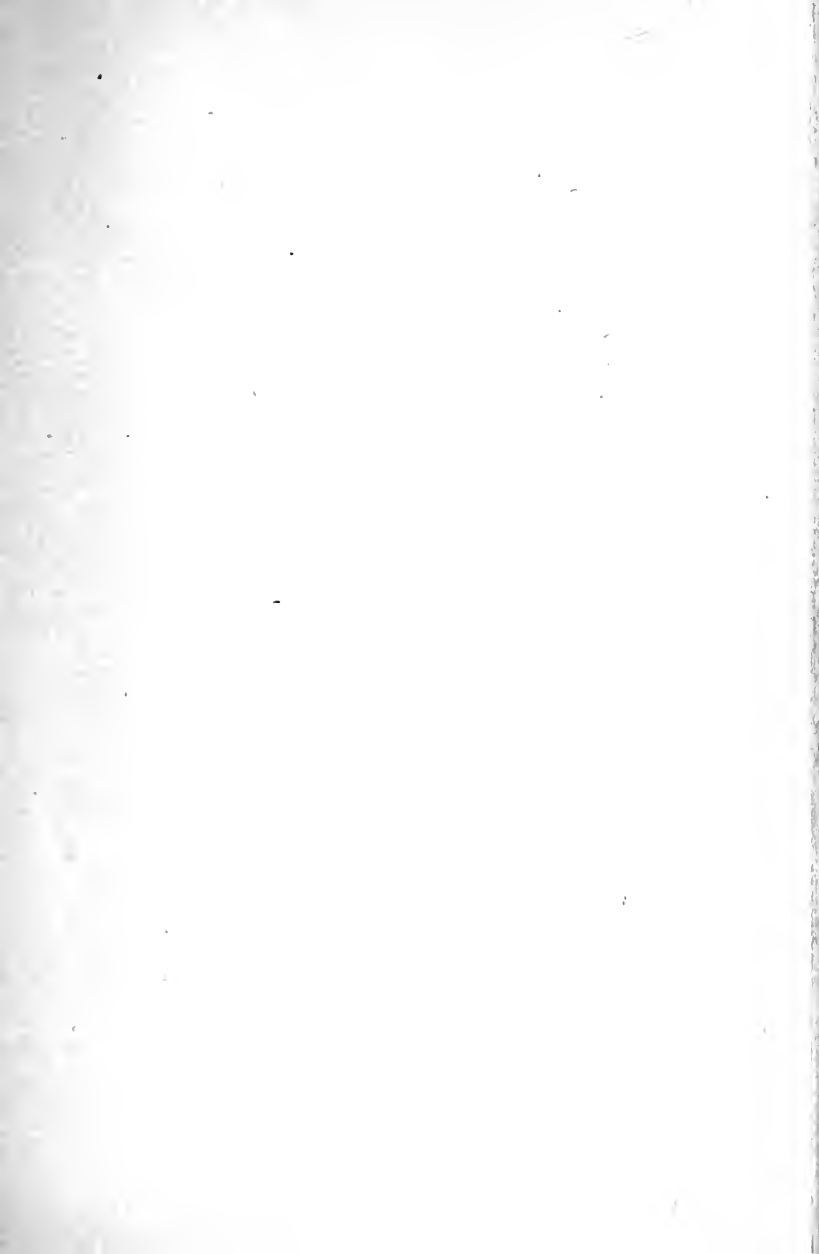
I.	CHILDHOOD	11
II.	COLLEGE DAYS	19
III.	SEMINARY LIFE	29
IV.	LOCKPORT	47
V.	BALTIMORE	71
VI.	HIS WORK IN THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES	89
VII.	NEW YORK	109
VIII.	IN MEMORIAM	135

I
CHILDHOOD

When I was a child—I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child.—PAUL.

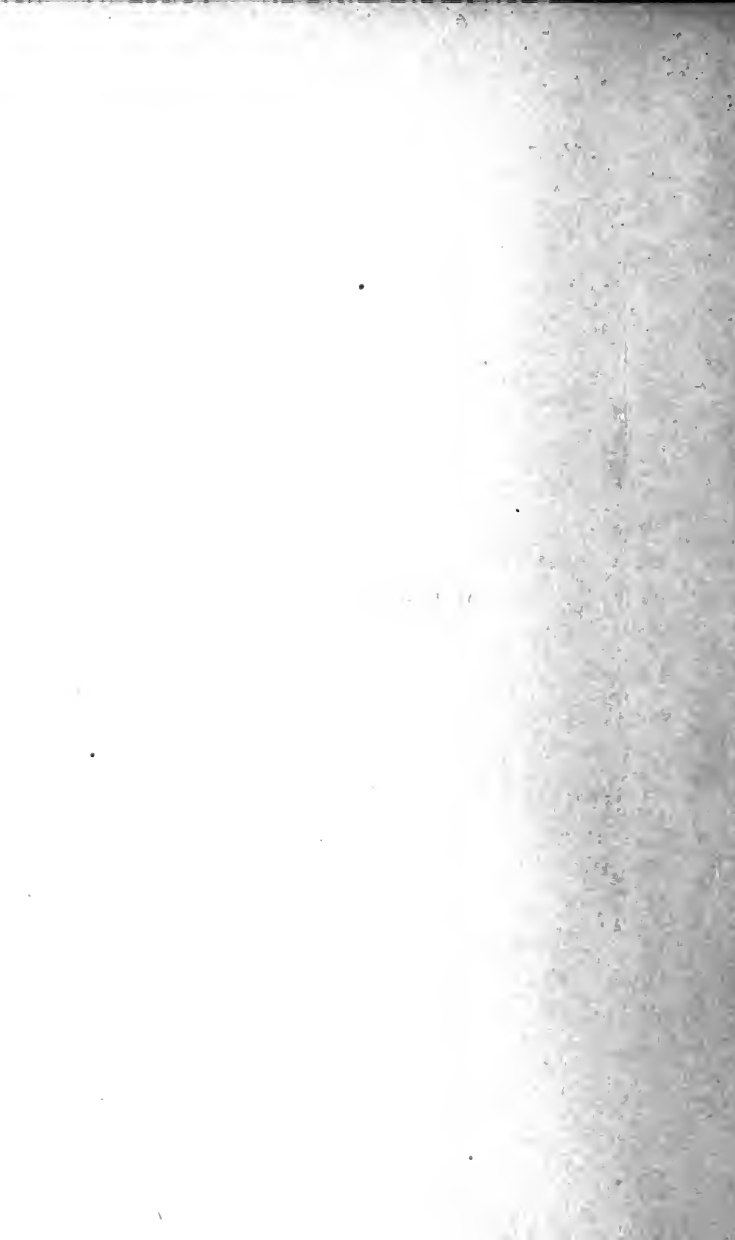
*And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the
working whence grew
Such result as from seething grape-bundles the spirit
strained true :
And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of
wonder and hope
Present promise and wealth of the future beyond the
eye's scope.*

—BROWNING.





At about four years of age.



I

CHILDHOOD

THE remembrance of Maltbie Babcock's childhood, takes me back in thought to the earlier period when I first met his mother before her marriage. I seem to be once more at Hamilton College, sitting in the window of my room in "Middle College, South Hall Third front middle." I see again the lithe girlish form of a young lady, who with elastic step is crossing the campus. It was Miss Emily Maltbie, who was going from the residence of her late grandfather, Ex-President Davis of the college, where his widow a notably brilliant and attractive woman was then residing, and where Miss Maltbie was passing the summer, to call on Mrs. President North on the south side of the college grounds.

Soon after that I was presented to her,

14 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

and subsequently was permitted to be very intimate in her family at Syracuse, after her marriage. It would require a separate article to pay any adequate tribute to the rare qualities of mind, heart and soul of the mother of Maltbie Babcock. Her memory is an inspiration not only to her children, but to all who knew her, and who came within the wide circle of her intense spiritual life.

Mr. Henry Babcock, her husband, was an attractive, charming man, socially prominent in Syracuse. In his youth at school at "the Homer Academy," he became an intimate friend of him who is now the eminent missionary at Beirut, Syria, the Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D. D.

Mr. and Mrs. Babcock lived with Mrs. Babcock's mother, the widow of the Rev. Ebenezer Davenport Maltbie, at one time pastor of Hamilton College Chapel. Mrs. Maltbie's residence was in a quite stately house, situated in the centre of a large lawn on James Street, corner McBride Street, in one of

the most attractive quarters of the city of Syracuse. It has since been removed to a lower part of the lot, and now faces McBride Street, and although somewhat reduced in size, its lovely interior, as the home of Mr. Howard N. Babcock, Dr. Babcock's oldest brother, still shows what the place once was.

It was the home of quiet, cultured, refined women, hushed to specially low voices, and silent step, because of the presence for many years of an invalid cousin, a woman of much beauty, but who never left her suite of rooms, and was rarely seen, save by her nurse, and at certain hours of the day by some of the members of the family. Mrs. Maltbie, with her tall form, dignified presence, in white hair and widow's weeds, and her turban-like cap of white lace with its long lace strings, and with a look of otherworldliness in her saintly "slow wise smile," gave an added charm to the strange quiet of the house. Her two daughters, trained to the greatest reverence for her, never thought

16 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

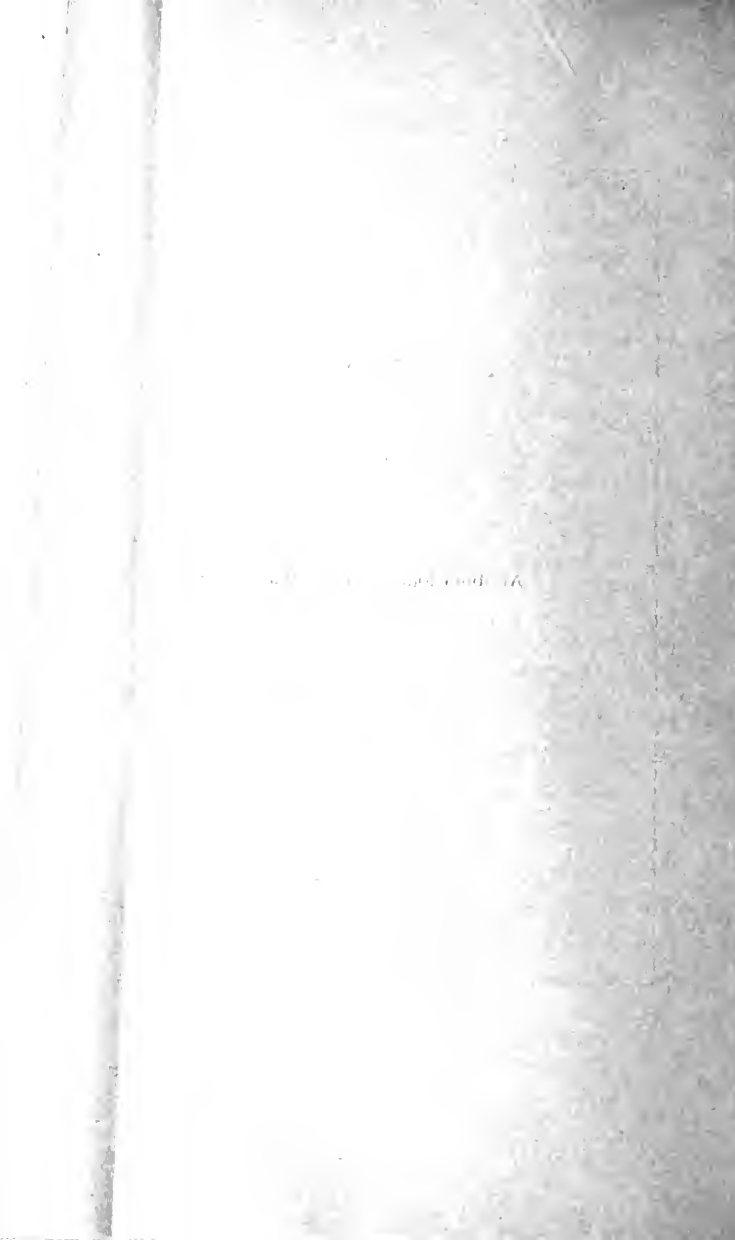
of questioning her judgment or authority.

The introduction of a boy like Maltbie into that house, followed in successive years by other boys and girls, full of life and childhood's enterprise, entirely reversed the order of that quiet household. Maltbie was a boy to be reckoned with. And this venerable stately Mrs. Maltbie, accustomed to the unquestioning veneration of her children, found this "human boy" an astounding revelation. His merry voice ringing through the house, his unvelvety tread, his mischievous pranks, some of which he dared to play upon his grandmother even, and his startling, uninvited intrusions upon the heretofore silent sanctity, and almost awe-inspiring mystery of the sick-room, brought a new life into the still house; and they all delighted in it, even the invalid.

Into this refined home, where to know Mrs. Maltbie well was almost like a liberal education to any young man privileged to



At about fourteen years of age.



be intimate there, Maltbie Davenport Babcock was born August 3d, 1858. His childhood was very attractive. He was a robust, independent boy ; sometimes willful, very merry, often full of mischief, and from the first he showed a great deal of character. In his boyhood he was a leader in sport, a masterful boy. He came to be early a fine singer, and a very proficient player on several musical instruments, notably, the organ, the piano, and the viola.

When he was about fourteen years old he organized an orchestra, composed of boys about his own age, and when such things were not as common as they are now ; he also arranged the music for it. At sixteen he was a recognized champion baseball player, being specially noted as a pitcher. During his ministry his reputation as an athlete, and his taste for athletic pursuits followed him. The boys of the town, as well as those of his parish, would involuntarily get up their muscle as they saw him coming

18 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

near, assuring themselves that what he did not know about athletics was not worth knowing.

In that boyhood he was clean of speech, and made short work of rude fellows of the baser sort. A story is told that when a big boy, on the baseball grounds, was persistently annoying and bullying the younger ones, and defiling the air with his profane and unchaste speech, Maltbie took him by the nape of the neck and the seat of his trousers, and flinging him over the fence, hurled after him the familiar phrase "Over the fence is out." He was, at that early age, a very successful Sunday-school teacher, and a woman who had a class next to his, used to say that she could hardly keep her attention on her lesson and her own class, she was so eager to hear what "that Babcock boy" was saying to his class, and to note the deft ingenious way he managed his restless pupils.

II

COLLEGE DAYS

*Oh, the wild joys of living, the leaping from rock up
to rock —*

*How good is man's life, the mere living how fit to
employ*

*All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in
joy !*

—BROWNING.

This is my Father's world.

Dreaming, I see His face.

I ope my eyes, and in glad surprise

Cry, " The Lord is in this place."

—M. D. B.

II

COLLEGE DAYS

IN the autumn of 1875 he entered Syracuse University. He was there also the leader of an orchestra, the leader of a glee club, president of a baseball club, and in the front rank in his class. At the same time he was so much a part of the social life of Syracuse, that he was wanted in all directions by adults and young people alike. A social function was hardly considered a success if he could not be present. Even then his mental alertness, and the multiform character of his work were very noticeable. One day I said to him, knowing how well he stood in his studies, in the midst of all this social diversion, "Maltbie, how do you contrive to do it all? When do you study?" "Why, Uncle Charlie," a title expressive of family in-

22 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

timacy and not of blood relation, "you know that the University is a long distance from home. I almost always walk home alone, and as I carry my books with me I generally have my lessons by the time I reach there." At that early period in his life, he had acquired the habit, which was so characteristic of Carlyle, of grasping what was on the book's page without exactly reading the words. He could tell, in giving one passing glance at a shop window, what was there on exhibition, sometimes naming as many as forty or fifty different articles.

His nervous energy, which to quote Dr. Purves's reference to him, "was the symptom of the intensity of his life," led him to leave the social and college round on his first long vacation to spend his summer on a farm, as a "farmhand." He desired to get as near as possible to nature's heart; he knew that there was entirely another side of life, than the one he was leading as a favorite in college and in society, and he wanted to be

familiar with it. He was sure that there was much interest and happiness to be found in life, away from what was regarded as essential in conventional society. A typical Irishman and he were the only "hands" on the little farm. Life was quite primitive—the work was the hardest, the diet the simplest. Instead of becoming homesick and disheartened, he found a certain relish and enjoyment in adjusting himself to circumstances.

Pat was an unfailing source of interest and entertainment to him, as, for years afterwards, he became to those to whom Maltbie, with inimitable drollery would recount that summer's experience.

The young collegian was boon companion, and inspiring instructor to the ignorant Irishman. Finding him utterly in the dark about the moon's phases, and ignorant of the source of its brightness, as he was also of all the movements of the heavenly bodies, Maltbie turned the corn-field into a lecture

24 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

room on astronomy. At one time Pat stood for the earth, and Maltbie revolved around him as the moon, turning to him now a full face, and then a quarter, and so on. At another time, Maltbie's hoe was stuck in the ground to represent the sun, and the rake illustrated the earth's distance from it, and was made to circle around it. Meanwhile, Pat leaning on his hoe, smiled on the beaming face of his young professor in astronomy, and with a mild expression, out of regard to the feelings of his conscientious comrade, but wholly inadequate to express his feelings he said, "Phwat a big thing an eddycation do be." The summer outing was an entire success, and the now brown and stalwart young fellow returned to Syracuse, with a stock of health and of stories which seemed never failing. More than one boy in subsequent years, under the fascination of Maltbie's recounting the humorous and strenuous incidents of that summer, followed his example, as some of the farmers in that

region may remember, but alas ! they missed Pat and Maltbie alike.

By the time he came to his senior year, he had made such an impression upon his relatives and family friends, with respect to his diversified gifts, that his own family became greatly perplexed by their suggestions, as to what he should be and what he should do in life. There was a distinguished army officer, a resident of Syracuse, and a friend of the family, who was sure that this brave, stalwart, fine appearing young fellow should be a soldier. A cultured relative opposed that suggestion. Why ! he was born for a brilliant literary career. A prominent lawyer, and a close family friend was certain that they would make a great mistake if they did not put him in the law. There was not a department in law in which he would not be eminently successful, especially as an advocate. An uncle well known in political circles, and a member of Congress thought they should enter him on a life of public

26 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

service. A well known organist pointed to his remarkable musical gifts, not short of genius, and marvelled that they could not see a something perhaps greater than Mendelssohn in him; not merely a musician, but one having all the essentials to a great composer. But the pastor said that, without question he should be a minister of the gospel.

It is an interesting fact in considering his unique personality, that undoubtedly he would have been eminently successful in any one of these lines of service. Both his parents inclined very decidedly to that last thought of his calling. But at the same time they did not wish to constrain him to select that profession, lest his strongest motive should be to gratify them. I was at that time the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Rochester, and Maltbie was a frequent and welcome visitor at our home, and already almost as a son to us. His parents wrote me, urging me to use my in-

fluence to help him to decide his profession, especially looking towards the ministry. We invited him to spend the Thanksgiving of his senior year in the University at Syracuse, with us at Rochester, and with him another attractive, scholarly, devout, musical, and socially delightful young friend, then a student at Auburn Theological Seminary and, now, its distinguished Greek professor who knew what Maltbie's parents and we desired to secure. They roomed together, and before the visit was over Maltbie had decided for the ministry.

III

SEMINARY LIFE

But when I became a man I put away childish things.—PAUL.

*Then onward through sunshine and storm and night
No tarrying here, my soul;
Thou must, if thou read thy chart aright
Push steadily on to thy goal.*

—M. D. B.

Do it now.

—The lifelong motto of M. D. B.

III

SEMINARY LIFE

FROM that moment, "this one thing I do," characterized him. Everything in his life about which there might be a question, in such a profession, but which had never been questioned in his glad, free, social life, he dropped without any hesitation or boggle over what he should give up. There was no talk about "giving up anything." He felt that in his decision he had taken on, and had taken in so much more that was delightful and glorious. ,

The first day that he reached Auburn Seminary, quoting the phrase commonly applied to the inmates of quite another institution at Auburn, he said, with characteristic humour, "Well, fellows, I have been sent up for three years."

He showed his self-mastery in this new

32 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

life. He was heart and soul with the fellows in their gatherings, and yet no social pleasures, no indulgence in appetite, no temptation to late hours were ever allowed to unfit him for his work. Classmates, with occasional simple and harmless midnight spreads, used to be almost provoked at him. "Oh, come, don't go off to bed now, just at the cream of the evening. Stay and make a night of it."—"No, fellows, the work to-morrow demands my best physical condition."

His very unusual musical gifts at the organ, piano and viola naturally gathered around him all the musically inclined in the seminary, and without any question he was their leader. The devotional music uniformly good in that Institution took on it new qualities of fitness, sweetness, and power. There was that unmistakable precision, movement, ring which reveals a director. A seminary quartette was organized, by which music of a high order was so well sung, that the quar-

tette was wanted to sing, here and there, in Auburn, and in surrounding towns and cities for the benefit of missionary societies, etc. Their concert given in the First Presbyterian Church at Rochester, to aid the Mission Band, to an audience distinguished for its size, quality, and genuine hearty appreciation, is still recalled with pleasure in that church.

With his love for athletic sports, and conscious of the theological students' need of a virile frame, and quickened heart-throbs, his eye readily discerned the opportunities for boating on the lovely Lake Owasco. Those who accompanied him will never forget the rowing on that lake, the songs, the hilarity and good cheer, which he never failed to start, calling out in others their perhaps latent capacities for enjoyment and humour. One young man, whose pastor wished him to decide to enter Auburn, and who gave him a letter of introduction to Maltbie, found the spirit, enthusiasm and consecration of that coterie of fellows, a delight to him,

34 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

and a ride with them on the lake, among other very interesting things, joining his own exquisite tenor to their harmonious voices, while they now floated on the lake, and now almost flew, as they plied their oars, helped him to decide to be one with them in his theological studies.

Maltbie Babcock had early learned what Paul meant by "keeping his body under," not to impoverish it, for he had a magnificent physical frame, muscles like iron, and form sinewy, athletic and graceful; but he "kept his body under" to give it its best, the control of his higher nature, as the basket is kept under the balloon that it may rise with it. His fellow students came to regard their association with him at that period of their lives, as among their choice privileges. Their affectionate reference to him, when at the Alumni gathering at the Commencement after his death, and at the twentieth anniversary of the graduation of their class in 1902 showed how vividly they recalled what he had

been to them. But when he graduated, instead of appearing on the Commencement platform with an elaborate effort to display his gifts, his oration was simply a manly summons to a consecrated life.

At the close of his junior year, he was invited to supply the pulpit in a little farming community not very far from Syracuse, where the small church had been sometime without a pastor, and the good people were hungry for religious services. They welcomed his advent heartily, and he at once threw himself with enthusiasm into the work. He seemed to be everywhere. There was not a house at "the corners," or in the surrounding country, which he did not visit, and where he did not win, at once, all hearts by his frank, genuine interest, his sincerity and his marked personality.

The little church building was soon filled on Sabbath mornings. Farmers accustomed perhaps to tones of voice in the pulpit, and methods of presenting truth, which suggested

36 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

and helped on the tendency to summer somnolence, waked up. Their boys, who it may be during the service, had willingly kept guard of the horses in the sheds surrounding the church, and may not have thought that the preaching had in it anything for them, were in the galleries with interested faces and alert minds. Here was a very cultivated young gentleman, evidently accustomed to move in what they may have called higher circles, who knew all about farming—who understood their lives, who spoke their language, and who had found his way to their hearts. It was no perfunctory service for the sake of getting his hand in, and securing the summer's stipend. He had the same eager earnestness to catch men, which through subsequent years gave such power to his ministry.

One Sunday, while he was there, quite a number of his society friends in Syracuse got up a party to drive out and hear him preach. Without really intending it, and

with no thought of being irreverent, it was nevertheless somewhat of a Sunday lark. As they drove along, they amused themselves over what would be his astonishment to see them enter the church. They prophesied that they would make him laugh. They had no idea how far the spirit of his work was in his very blood. They found the church full, with the exception of two empty pews in front. They filed in before that audience, and that surprised preacher with illy concealed smiles. But to the young minister it was his opportunity to let them know how the love of his work possessed his soul, and to help them into a new and better religious life. He was quickened to unusual earnestness and power in preaching, and these city friends who had come to smile remained to pray. And some of them who had wondered why he, so fitted to shine in and adorn society, and to make a great success in the world, should enter the ministry, found out

38 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

then. It was wholly characteristic of him; with the keenest sense of humour where humour was in place, himself the very soul of wit, he was, from the first, no trifler, and he rose to the height of the occasion.

All who knew him, while he was in the seminary, agree that his course was notable for his varied gifts, his personal magnetism, and his methodical habits. His room was a model of neatness, order and the display of excellent taste. There was something almost like genius in his ability to take the commonest things, and combine them to produce the most artistic effects. With little or no expense, he made his study in the seminary building attractive enough to satisfy the most refined and exacting taste. He could have turned a woodshed into a bower of delight. Later in life, while at the manse in Baltimore, he had a workshop, where during a severe and prolonged illness of Mrs. Babcock, when it was necessary for him to be in the house, he made very pretty

little desks and cabinets, highly finished. His carpenter tools he had arranged on the walls of his workshop like pictures. His plumbing tools, and many other implements for working in iron, were hung in a way to suggest that some artist in iron, from old Nuremburg, had strayed there. I am not sure but that he had a shoemaker's kit, for there seemed to be nothing which he could not do, and in a masterly manner, from mending a shoe to painting a picture, from playing a jewsharp, which he could do in a fascinating way, to the most bewildering and delightful harmonies, from any form of attractive speech, to an enthronement of pulpit power. Like Henry Drummond, whom he seems to have resembled in many ways, he could wear nothing that did not seem to be in "good form." His artistic taste showed itself here, as elsewhere. He was always most fittingly dressed for every occasion. The outing apparel, which in others might be ungainly and slouching, in

40 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

him always took on, in the same strange way, an air of elegance, even to his bathing suit; which as he came from the water seemed to emphasize his manly bearing.

His industry, during his seminary course, was a marked feature of his student life. His notes of the lectures of his teachers were even then a prophecy of what he was to be in thoroughness. His annotating his books was a special feature of his study. He developed a system, then, of collecting material, gleaned from all fields, which was one of the secrets of his success in later life. After he entered the ministry, he carried out that plan very fully. In general, instead of taking the time in the morning to read the newspapers, he would give a sweeping glance over them, marking with a coloured pencil such editorial articles as he deemed of service to him, and his wife, or later on his secretary would cut them out, and place them in order in the various pigeonholes designed for them. When he was in Balti-

more, being requested to give, in a very short time, a lecture on Calvin, to the students of Johns Hopkins University, he wondered where he should get the material for it, but found in his collection, the result of years of accumulation, that he had already about all that was necessary, as a basis to work on, in preparing the lecture. It was during the vacation of the Middle Seminary year, that he spent two weeks with us at our then summer home, at Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut. The young people who were gathered there that summer, the spirit of the place, the lovely scenery, and the opportunities for fishing and boating on the Wauramaug Lake, for baseball, and for croquet on the village green, and for music in almost every house around the green, into which the social life ebbed and flowed, with the most charming freedom, and the unConventionality of true culture, were just suited to him, and he gave himself up to it with a zest peculiar to him. His enjoyment in, and

42 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

enthusiasm over such outings were contagious. There, as everywhere else, he fascinated the hearts of his friends. He was continually surrounded with a raft of admiring young people. They had been waiting for him. He was already like a brother to our sons, and through them, the others had come to anticipate eagerly his arrival. The carriage conveying him from the station at the foot of the hill to the house on the green was filled with welcoming fellows, and as it appeared, it was hailed with a shout. A college song was started, and he reached the house amid a resounding chorus. Within ten minutes he had doffed his travelling suit, and had donned his outing clothes, and was at the piano. It was an old instrument, happily accustomed to hard usage. As he sat there, with one boy leaning on his shoulder, another seated on the lid of the piano, with his banjo, another leaning on the piano, facing Maltbie, with a most joyous responsive face, and two others thumping the

time in each other's sides, as they sang "Mike Higgins gave a par-r-ty" or some rollicking college song, while a bevy of merry girls encircled them, his voice resonant, clear and stirring, his face radiant with good cheer, and with the unmistakable mark about him of high breeding at perfect liberty, too well-born and at ease to think about manner, it presented a picture which we have delighted to recall again and again, and which cannot be effaced.

Some of the boys had never seen just such a Christian before, happy and radiant of soul, not despite his being a Christian, but because he was one. He was the best pitcher in baseball which they had ever seen, "curving" the ball with matchless skill, the best swimmer, the best singer, one who could get music out of any instrument, and the drollest, the most fascinating fellow they had ever met. They gained their first deep religious convictions then. One of them, who was seven miles away, when Sunday came,

44 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

and Maltbie was to preach, walked the entire distance to hear him, and declared that he would have walked twice that distance rather than to have missed him. Others, boarding on the hillsides five, four or three miles away, joined him, making quite a procession to hear the young minister, and listening to him, in that country church, as if for their life, and declaring, at the close of the service, not only that they had never heard such a sermon as that before, but also frankly confessing that they would like to live more Christlike lives. That visit made ineffaceable impressions. Persons who have never seen him since, have cherished, through all these years, the brightest memories of it. Only this summer, 1904, a man from Albany who, with his family, was there then, and who never repeated his visit, asked a mutual friend, what had ever become of that remarkable young Babcock; learning only then, that it was he, who in the fullness of his powers, was the famous preacher of the Brick

Church, New York. He had never forgotten him, and had often wondered through the years, into what marked personality he had developed.

He graduated from Auburn Seminary in the spring of 1882.

IV

LOCKPORT

For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord : and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.—
PAUL.

*Be strong !
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift ;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle ; face it. 'Tis God's gift.
—M. D. B.*

IV

LOCKPORT

UPON his graduation from Auburn he was called at once to the First Presbyterian Church of Lockport, N. Y. It was a church then, as it is now, of great importance in Western New York. A field which would demand of any young man his best, and many feared that he was too young to undertake such a responsibility. It had been for many years the pulpit throne of a very remarkable man, Dr. Wisner. A man whose wit and humour, and sympathy, whose intellect, evangelical spirit and personal power triumphed over an unpromising personal appearance, fairly making it, in some fascinating way accessory to his widespread influence and reputation. It was going to be hard for a young man, just out of the seminary to follow him and his im-

50 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

mediate and popular successor, Dr. Freeman.

While some feared for the young preacher, those who knew him best were convinced that he was called of God to the position, and would be upheld. His methodical habits, his real ability, his unfailing enthusiasm, and his genuine spirituality, all were used by the Spirit of God. It was a period of great joy. He had perfect health, a most interesting and inspiring church, a very appreciative people, and the consciousness of having entered upon the chosen work of his life. He magnified his calling. There was nothing in the world equal to it. All these things combined to fill his cup to overflowing, for that cup was held up to the unfailing source of all fullness. He never thought of relying upon his physical strength, nor his tact, nor his mental resources to carry him through. He had clear definite views of his own insufficiency, and a very decided personal religious experience.

Friendship with Jesus Christ was a great reality to him, even then in his early ministry. The poem "Companionship," which he wrote later in life, he was working out in his first ministry in Lockport.

No distant Lord have I,
Loving afar to be.
Made flesh for me, He cannot rest
Until He rests in me.

Brother in joy and pain,
Bone of my bone was He,
Now,—intimacy closer still
He dwells Himself in me.

I need not journey far
This dearest friend to see,
Companionship is always mine,
He makes His home with me.

I envy not the twelve,
Nearer to me is He ;
The life He once lived here on earth
He lives again in me.

Ascended now to God,
My witness there to be,
His witness here, am I because
His spirit dwells in me.

52 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

O Glorious Son of God,
Incarnate Deity,
I shall forever be with Thee
Because Thou art with me.

He adopted a certain phrase for his rule of life, which has become identified with him. "Do it now." Whatever it was, nothing was to be deferred, to be put off. He determined to keep ahead of his work. One can always tell those who are over rather than under their business, ahead and pulling, rather than behind and dragged. In supplying the pulpit in Lockport, before he was called, he had preached nearly all the sermons which he had prepared in the seminary. After his first Sunday, as pastor, he found that he had but two sermons which he had not preached there, and he made up his mind that he would keep two sermons ahead of him, while in that parish, a plan which he carried out. No one but a minister can quite understand just what that involved in the first pastorate. He seemed to come at

once, into the power to hold his work well in hand. Like successful merchants, or professional men, who know how to centre all the lines of their interests in their office, and have them radiate with vitalizing power to the farthest reach of those interests, who, no matter what the new claims which throng upon them, with each new day, are never upset nor confused, but always ahead of their work: so Maltbie Babcock, from the start kept in advance of his work. He never seemed harassed nor hurried, and never driven. He kept the reins in his own hands.

He began, at once, systematic visitation, as well as systematic study. He had no such narrowness as to confine his pastoral visits to the poor alone; as if the rich had so much in their wealth, that they needed no pastoral care nor oversight. He had no such snobbery as to limit his visits to the cultured and wealthy. He had a profound sympathy for the poor and lonely, for those who were "under the wheel."

54 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

Any one under his care, however plain, unattractive or common was an object of his affectionate interest, and perhaps, because he might be plain, unattractive and common to others. To the uncomely parts of his parish he paid more abundant honour. He was on the alert to see how much could be made out of unpromising material. He found it most fascinating to note the change wrought in such an one, under the influence and mastery of Jesus. He neglected no one, poor or rich. An incident in his early pastoral work comes to my mind. I relate it without any hesitation, because it reflects very much credit, in the result, on the parishioner himself. He was a very well-to-do elderly man, in prominent business circles; very reserved, and supposed to be inaccessible to religious influences. The young pastor sought him out; for this very reason he did not propose to neglect him. He went to him, as one in need of redemption. With the tact which he possessed by

nature and by grace, he urged him to consider and yield to the claims which Christ had upon him. The proud man was annoyed that he should approach him on this subject, and curtly and coldly strove to close the interview, as if he were intruding upon him. But his pastor with calmness and self-possession explained to him that he was in the discharge of his holy business, just in that act, and firmly though courteously insisted that he should be so recognized as a Christian minister, and not as a boy. The offended parishioner was obliged to grant this, but he was so thoroughly annoyed and irritated that he ceased attending church, though his wife and some of the family were members of the Church, and not only did not withdraw but were entirely in sympathy with the earnest young pastor. As months passed by, and this prominent man did not return to the congregation, there were some who thought that it might be wise for the young man to own that he had intruded

56 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

upon him, and to seek to bring him back. Mr. Babcock declined to do this, simply because it would discredit the work as a Christian minister, which he came there to do. He had entire faith that God would take care of this matter, and that He would bring it around all right in time. A half year passed away. One Sunday after Mr. Babcock had returned to the manse from the morning service, he saw this man walking up and down, nervously, in front of the gate. Finally, he opened it, and with rapid step pressed to the door, and rang the bell. Mr. Babcock answered it himself, and ushered him into the privacy of the study. There, the troubled man at once apologized for the rude way he had treated his pastor, owned that he had done what was just right, and acknowledged that he, his parishioner, had been all wrong, and that he had not had a happy day since then. He expressed a desire to be a Christian, and asked Mr. Babcock to pray for and with him. Then he

said, after prayer, "I want you to go with me to my house, where I wish to have it understood that I reinstate you as my pastor. I would like to have you offer prayer there; and if the way be clear I wish to confess my faith in Christ at the next communion." I give this case in full, that his fidelity in his early ministry and his method of dealing with men may be clearly illustrated.

It was while he was in this pastorate that he sought and won the hand of Miss Katharine Tallman, the daughter of Judge Tallman of Poughkeepsie, thus forming a union in marriage, singularly close and beautiful, and blessed to the end, through the unusual combination of joy and sorrow; and few ever suffered more and few ever enjoyed more in their united lives.

His first illness, a very serious case of nervous prostration, and his only one until the last, the fatal Mediterranean fever, at Naples, and separated from that by nearly

58 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

sixteen years of perfect health intervening, was in the third year of this pastorate.

That illness involved six months of great anxiety for his people, his friends and his family. Four weeks of that time, just previous to his removal to the care of Dr. Jackson, he spent at our house, the manse of the First Presbyterian Church, Rochester, N. Y., where, what little I could do for him, in direct personal care, seemed peculiarly grateful to him. It will hardly be thought strange that then, we were more closely knit together than ever, and that a brooding paternal love, always felt for him, deepened and rooted through that experience. May this inadequate tribute to his memory be regarded as the outgrowth from that root.

It was a year of great trials. His own serious illness, the loss of their little child at birth, his wife's loss of health, never completely restored; the death of her mother and grandmother, two very interesting and beautiful women, and objects of the tenderest af-

fection, all compressed within the limits of that year, made it one never to be forgotten.

In seven months Mr. Babcock was completely restored, as the result of the successful treatment at the Jackson Health Resort, Dansville, N. Y. But the trials showed their influence, through God's grace, in deepened religious life, heightened spirituality and in broadened affections. Before that time he had been indifferent almost, except to his very nearest, to the expression of his really affectionate nature. In his early life, his society and college friends opening their hearts to him, as they always did, sometimes almost passionately charged him with not loving them as they loved him, which is often the experience of leaders in college. The fact was that he was never willing to be tied to any one person, except in his home, where his love was complete. He chummed all his friends, not one alone. But from that experience, he grew rapidly in the power, I may

60 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

say purpose to express, in a fine and manly way, most attractive to those whom he loved, and who loved him, the great deeps of affection in his soul. This was the only time he had ever been ill, until the Mediterranean fever; so absolutely robust had he ever been, so perfect his health, that his friends heard with incredulity of his illness. It was impossible to associate anything of the kind with him. He realized after that, probably better than any one else, the necessity of taking the most intelligent care of his health; for while he seemed fresher, and more physically alert than ever, he took the greatest pains to keep his body in the best possible condition. He was therefore consistent and conscientious in taking his vacations, and in making the most of them. Those who were permitted to be his companions, at such times, recall them as among the most charming and delightful outings of their lives. Music, fishing, sailing, driving, private dramatics, droll charades, golf,

tennis, unique rollicking entertainments, and roaring fun, were all surrounded with and illumined by an all pervading Christian spirit, which made the passage from the greatest fun to evening prayers as natural and as unforced as possible.

It was while he was at Lockport, that he came to a clear idea of what his vacations should be. He was very fond of the sea. But the average seashore hotel had no attractions for him. With a few chosen friends, he and his wife hired a plain, quiet farmhouse at Duxbury, near Plymouth, Mass., engaging the owner of the house and his wife to take care of them. This they held for a number of summers, until he bought land at Wiano, on the south shore of Cape Cod, where he built a very pretty cottage. Duxbury was the centre of a unique vacation life. There was not a thing connected with living on the seashore, which he did not master; that was his way. He could not content himself without knowing all that

62 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

there was to be known of the region, wherever he was. He could sail a boat as well as a skipper. He became a skilled fisherman. He learned the habits of the different kinds of fish. He became thoroughly familiar with the history of that region. The salient points of character in the fisherman of Massachusetts Bay, and of Cape Cod he thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed; he was hail fellow with them all. He and those with him, regularly attended and contributed to the little church. He did not take his parish cares with him, but he was as intensely and as joyously a Christian, in all his summer outings as at home. And at night after games and frolics, that flashed and scintillated with wit that cannot be recalled now, so subtle and constant, the evening prayers, reverent and tender, more unique even than those of Robert Stevenson—pulsating with the joy of life, were something never to be forgotten.

It was in these vacations that he gave

loose rein to his dramatic talent. No one could listen to his preaching, with his unconventional way of stating truth, without noticing that vivid dramatic gift of his, all unconsciously used. But in his vacation, surrounded by trusted friends, he gave free play to this native talent in charades, and humorous recitations, and the telling of dialect stories in an inimitable way. There is a photograph which caught him and his party in the droll representation of various kinds of invalids, with him as the country doctor. He is not, in that picture, Maltbie Babcock, at all. He is the other man; he is merged wholly into the character of the absorbed, kind, and faithful country practitioner. He is dear old "Weelum McClure," save that Ian Maclaren's delightful creation of that character came afterwards. He never attempted the type of minister which Dickens so caustically delineated—if the reality ever existed, for he loathed it, and turned away from it, to the representation of those carica-

64 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

tures among the Germans, Irishmen, Frenchmen, or backwoodsman, which, while most amusing, presented inherent, sturdy, manly qualities. When he went back to the "Pat" of his early farm experience, he was no longer the lithe, graceful, beaming faced Maltbie Babcock; he was instead, in face, figure and tone of voice Pat, just Pat. At the right time and in the right place he dearly loved a good story; and many a time, my first greeting on entering his house, was his ringing cheery voice from the hall above, "Uncle Charlie, I have a new story for you." In one sense, it was this dramatic power that made him such an excellent musician, or artist, or shoemaker, or carpenter, fisherman or sailor, whatever he undertook.

In later years, while at Baltimore, he was accustomed, after the hard strain of the winter's work, and before the pressing demands which the month of June always makes upon the city pastor, to go to Florida, for two weeks of tarpon fishing, a great fish to be

found only in those southern waters, hard to catch, and very gamy. To haul one in, and safely land him, required the utmost skill, patience and strength. The effort, after hooking him, is full of excitement, and success arouses the greatest enthusiasm. Dr. Babcock became a successful and noted tarpon fisher. He was while there, a tarpon fisherman; on his boat everything in plan, talk and work turned towards tarpon. He was dressed for his calling. One would not dream, who did not know him elsewhere, that he was the thorough musician, the charming man of society, the platform defender of great causes, the distinguished preacher of Baltimore. He was bound to catch that tarpon; he studied his ways; he learned his moods; he took advantage of his tricks and landed him! The fishermen of Florida bays and inlets never forgot him, and constantly quoted him.

In his study at Baltimore, there hung upon the walls, a half of a huge tarpon, cut

66 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

lengthwise, properly prepared and mounted on a cedar slab, a trophy of one day's successful fishing, its silver scales as brilliant as if burnished metal. If his letters to the Baltimore papers on this sport, and describing his "catches," and the general experience of fishing in Southern waters could be gathered and published, they would form a volume which would be well-nigh as popular as anything of his now printed.

It was in this way that he took his first tour abroad, accompanied by his devoted wife and a few intimate friends. It was a golden summer of delight wherever they went. His letters written en route to his people in Baltimore and printed in their church paper, *The Brown Memorial Monthly*, reflect his discernment, his mental grasp, his felicity of expression, his understanding of the heart of things, and his ever present consciousness of the heavenly horizon to such a degree, that it is to be hoped that they too, like his last letters from abroad while

with the Auburn Seminary party, to his Men's society of the Brick Church, New York, may be put in permanent literary form. They deserve such preservation. He had an insatiable desire to get to the core of everything. On shipboard, he went everywhere. Any suffering passenger, in second cabin or steerage, he helped and comforted. He got acquainted with the engineers, even the stokers looked for his coming with an appreciative smile. It was this same dramatic or imitative talent of his that enabled him to make the most of his German and French. What little he had of those languages was through the college instruction in modern languages of years ago ; and college French and German does not take one very far into the intricacies of conversation. But he utilized his few phrases and idioms, to an astonishing degree ; a word, a phrase with a shrug of the shoulders, a characteristic turn of the head, seemed to take him a good way, in making him understood, to the homesick sec-

68 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

ond cabin or steerage passenger, who looked for his coming with longing, and hailed him with delight. It was in the same way that he went through the Steel Mills, and into the coal mines, when visiting us in Scranton. One of the young, skilled officials of the Steel Mills conducted him through, and said, afterwards, that he took in the whole system with remarkable celerity and comprehension of mechanic law, and put himself in friendliest accord with the men. The next day he invited a member of my family to go with him through the mills, and explained the whole process as clearly as if he had been to the manner born, while in every shop the men greeted him as an old friend, so quickly had he the day before established a basis of comradeship with them.

It was the experiences of that third year in his first pastorate, which caused his people of Lockport, who appreciated and loved him more than ever to see that it would not be wise to insist upon his remaining there.

They agreed with all his other friends that the call which came from the Brown Memorial Church of Baltimore, Md., in 1887 was of the Lord's directing.

V

BALTIMORE

I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”—PAUL.

*O Lord I pray
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand
From Thy command.
Not to be served, but to serve.*

*This too I pray
That for this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My good intent
Not to be pleased, but to please.*

*And if I may
I'd have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly art
Not to be loved, but to love.*

—M. D. B.

V

BALTIMORE

NOW in the second parish, with the results of his systematic and thorough study, with deep experience in sorrow, with his rapidly developing gifts, and greatly increased powers, he entered at once upon a career of usefulness and influence through fourteen years of service, in every way remarkable.

Here his poetical gift was awakened. He had read largely in the seminary, and in his first parish, in the best poetry. He specially delighted at this period in Wordsworth, later he was devoted to Tennyson, and during the long horseback rides of his journey in the Holy Land, just before the end, he learned ✓
"In Memoriam" by heart. Nearly all his poems, which are in the Memorial volume, "Thoughts for every-day living," were

74 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

written in Baltimore. Here also he put forth his first musical compositions, which attracted marked attention, and were regarded, under the circumstances, as quite wonderful. A year and a half after his death, the organist of the Brick Church, New York, who had followed Dr. Babcock from Baltimore, gave an organ recital to the special musical friends of Dr. Babcock, in which only his compositions were played. Here, in this parish was more clearly revealed than ever before, his power over young men. It was a power indeed, a passion with him which fairly dominated him. The Johns Hopkins University afforded him a great field for the exercise of this power. A room was set apart for his use. Special hours were appointed for his reception of students. It became, in a good sense, like a confessional. It was the waking of many men to a new life. They flocked about him, they followed him. He visited The Hill School at Pottstown every

other month, Robert Speer going the alternate months. The opportunity there afforded him for preaching and influencing boys, at the most impressionable age, was greatly appreciated by him, and responded to by them. Hundreds of them were lifted up to nobler ideals and nearer the Christ, by him. He went again and again to Yale, Princeton, and Harvard for similar service. All this will be more fully described in the chapter on "His Work in Schools and Colleges."

There was developed within him, while in Baltimore a more intense desire than ever to save men. He seemed to feel to the full the immensely strong figure of Jude's "Others save with fear—pulling them out of the fire, hating even the garment spotted by the flesh." No firemen of to-day, trained to daring feats, to save his fellow men from the flames, in most dangerous places, ever felt more the exhilaration, in the supreme moment of rescue, than this man, on fire with a

76 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

holy passion to deliver souls. He showed peculiar aptitude for personal work with men. While, I think, he never had an evangelist in his own church, it was not because he doubted the efficiency of good ones, for he had great sympathy with, and admiration for Mr. Moody; but because he did not need them. His church was always in a quickened condition. Although he had his own clearly chosen methods of work, he never claimed that they were the only ones. He rejoiced in the success of those who worked on different lines from his own. All modes of reaching men, such as Salvation Army work, Rescue Missions, Young Men's Christian Associations, or Young Women's, and Christian Endeavour Societies enlisted his hearty sympathy. He was a very popular delegate to great Christian Endeavour Conventions. His presence, specially at Cleveland, and at London, England, where he went simply to be a delegate, made a deep impression. There are those who can

never forget their association with him at such times, particularly on the steamer, on the way to the World's London Convention. There never was any Union movement in Baltimore for the deepening and broadening of the religious life, and the increase of its effectiveness, in which he was not one of the inspiring leaders. A unique Christian worker, Mr. Todd Hall, the Baltimore detective, was once in Scranton addressing the Young Men's Christian Association, on a Sunday afternoon, at the Lyceum Theatre. When it was announced that Dr. Babcock would address them, on the next Sabbath, Mr. Hall, moved irresistibly, cried out, "Oh, I say, fellows, he's a daisy." He became one of the most prominent religious leaders in all that region. He was looked upon as a special feature of Baltimore. The entire city, of all denominations and associations held him with mingled pride and love. The Rev. Henry W. Luce, from my charge in Scranton, and now for a number of years

78 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

supported by that church as a missionary in the Shantung Province, China, wrote of Dr. Babcock recently—"I was so interested in the book of his letters from Palestine to the Men's Association of the Brick Church, that I could hardly lay it down until I finished it—you may remember that you once gave me a letter of introduction to him. I found him at his home in Baltimore. I think that I never spent a few hours in any one's presence, whose influence left such a clear and abiding impression upon me. The music, the conversation, and above all the spirit of the man still abide in my heart. I sat down at his desk and the 'Do it now' motto, which he had written and pasted on the rim of his desk cover, has often been a reminder to promptness. And above all, was his frankness, and his power to make you feel it. So God blesses the earth with His children."

He had no one method of reaching people, but perhaps no one ever used his pen more effectively than he, for this purpose. He

wrote many letters daily to different members of his parish, about their spiritual needs, but in no stereotyped manner. Each note was *sui generis*, pervaded with his strong, cheery religious life, and marked by his easy, attractive style. There was not a member of his congregation, but what was aware of his personal interest in him, and affected by it. As a result of this faithful work, there were constant additions to his church. After his death it was wonderful, except to those who knew his real life, to find how many people whom society, so called, and the great world knew not, held him as their dearest friend. As Ian Maclaren refers to the other persons, than the twelve "who emerge like pictures from the shadow in the gallery, like unaddressed letters in a biography, like initials in a diary—they are persons of whom we only get glimpses, or whose acquaintance with Jesus is barely mentioned. There is this unknown, whom we can only call 'the goodman of the house,' who rivalled Joseph of Ari-

80 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

mathea in the offices of friendship—affording Him his choicest room wherein to keep the feast.” So men and women in the humblest ranks of life, had cherished notes from Dr. Babcock, brief, but characteristic and vitalizing, which in his delicate thoughtfulness he had sent them; or they recalled memorable visits, or some spoken word, which will never be forgotten. He would have scorned to make these expressions of interest and of consideration, to the favoured few alone. As the sun gives to each blade of grass all it can hold of his light and heat and life, as if it were the only blade of grass, so he had the charming way of giving to every one he met, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, something of his very self, and at the time, the very best of himself. While a man of reserves, and in another sense of reserve, he never held back the best or most brilliant thought that came to him, in conversation, as if it were too good or too valuable for the time, and only to be used for some great occasion. If some spe-

cially select circle were having him at dinner, with a choice "bill of company," as well as of fare, or gifted friends had secured him for some long planned outing, or for some charming drive, and supposed that they were getting what was denied ordinary mortals, they were greatly mistaken. He knew where and when that little club of working girls, in his congregation, took their lunch, or where those struggling college boys were boarding themselves, or where those clerks were in their small and cheerless hall bedrooms of dreary boarding-houses, and he would drop in on them, with a way and manner as attractive as when with those who held themselves as forming the choicest circles of the city, and which they can never forget. He was the ideal friend of the young man. One of his Baltimore "boys," William Forman Clarke, paid a tribute to his memory which shows how the young men of his parish came to regard him.

"How great and powerful in the sight of

82 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

God must be the man, who during so short a period of life on this planet can do so much good. And he above all others was a man! His laugh, his gesture, his music, his preaching, all sent a warm flow through your body and soul. He was but a man, and yet such a man! Where shall we find one such as he." Like the fabled man of the bediamonded coat, which dropped jewels wherever he walked, Maltbie Babcock gave his best at each time, frankly, freely, joyously. This was one of the sources of his power as a pastor. He was truly, and not professionally, a friend of every one in his parish. Very few men of his age could write to men over seventy, as he wrote to one who had retired from active life, to the quiet of his last illness. I quote from a letter in the "Thoughts for Every-day Living." "It is a comfort to look back and think what good friends we have been, and then to make a jump into the future, and know that there, the real summer season of friendship comes. I hope that you

are fairly comfortable, though I hardly dare to, for it is no joke letting go of our tools as they wear out. But you are God's workman, and some fine day, He will give you a new kit, and set you at tasks, in which, and of which you will never weary. I love to think of our unchanged friendship, and that though we may not be cronies on the back piazza, or in the garden much more, if any more in this world, we shall be in Paradise, which after all, is God's garden—with no serpent." To another, whose little child had died he sent a most comforting letter, in which were these words: "Always think of me as your friend, and take advantage of my friendship; what are we here for, but to love and help one another?" He thought and felt far into the heart of things. He had sacred intuitions of sorrow. A parishioner, receiving such words as these, would cherish them forever. "Perhaps the richest of God's earthly gifts is an accepted sorrow. Do not lose this one. Accept it. Say, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy serv-

84 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

ant heareth,' and He will tell you some things worth all it cost to hear them. I cannot say what, but you will know."

Here, in Baltimore, there came to him, also, a deeper and more unique spiritual life, giving to his humour, his table-talk, his recreations, his prayers and his preaching an indescribable power. He knew where the sources of spiritual life were, and daily resorted to them. He slept soundly through the night, like one who made a business of it, and as if to lie awake was a neglect of a God-given opportunity to "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care." But he did not waste the morning hours. The hour before breakfast, after his toilet, was his special hour to be alone with God and His word; not for study, that he took up later in the morning, but for worship, for communion and for intercessory prayer for his large congregation, and for special cases that lay on his great sympathetic heart. It was here, through this direct personal contact with the heart of God that he

became charged for the day, to give off, as he did constantly and joyously, the fullness of God, which his Heavenly Father imparted to him so freely.

Perhaps he evinced his gifts as clearly as anywhere in his table-talk or conversation. He would press on daringly, eagerly into some dark subject, his thought rushing out into the darkness like a rocket, and then suddenly bursting into corruscations, explosions, like the supreme moment of the rocket's sweep, lighting up the darkness, and filling his companions with wonder at his bold and brilliant flights of fancy. And yet those who were nearest to him and who saw the most of him felt, I think, that nowhere did the depth, breadth and power of his nature so reveal itself as in prayer. His prayers were never the same. In one way they were like the chameleon which takes its colour from what it feeds on. They reflected the environment, and gave voice to the feeling and spirit of the moment, wherever he was.

86 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

Whoever followed him then, whether friends at the family altar, or the great congregation, felt as if they were brought into the presence of the Almighty, and near to the heart of God.

Church after church essayed to draw him away from Baltimore. Two churches in Philadelphia, three in New York, one in Washington, two in Chicago, and others wanted him, but for all those glad, fruitful years, he remained at his post, apparently immovable. He sought no change. He was as far as possible from putting himself in the way of calls. He tried to avoid them.

No one was happier, or merrier than he. No one drew more delight from song of bird, colours in nature and pencillings of leafless trees against the sky than he.

“ Now behold the Master’s drawing
Clear against the cold, gray sky;
Not a trace of warmth or colour,
But fine feasting for the eye.”

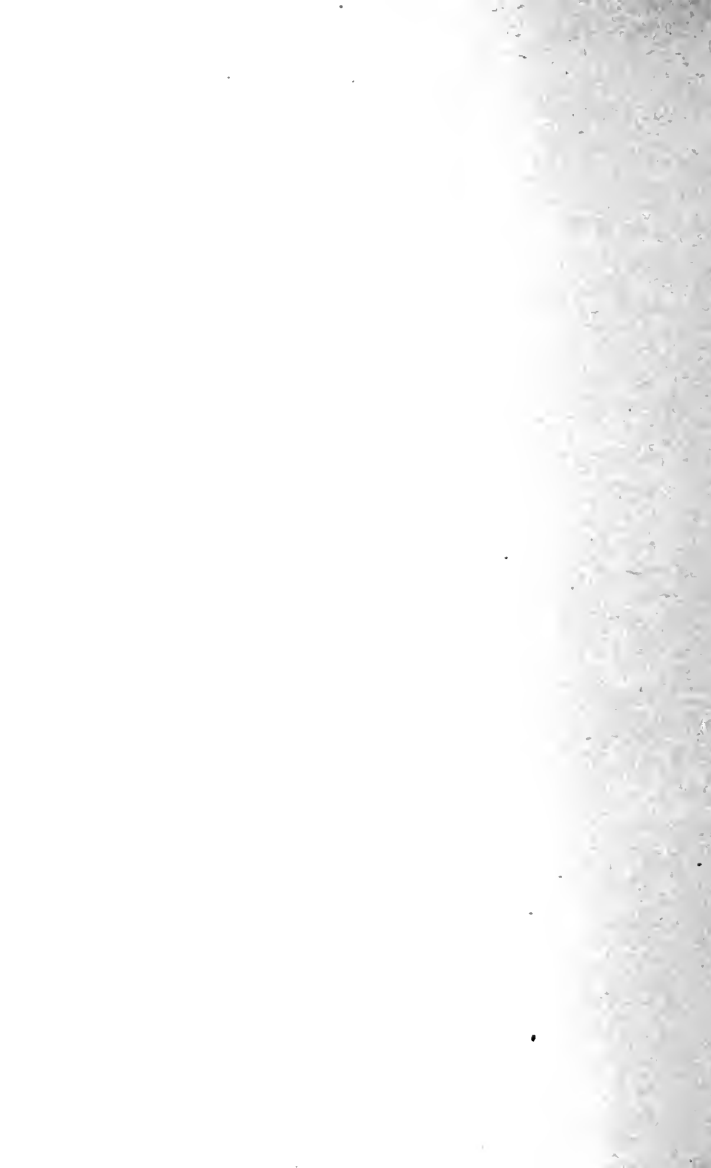
All the phenomena of natural life minis-

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The Park Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md., was the fruit of a most successful mission of the Brown Memorial Church under the ministry of Dr. Babcock.

On the death of Dr. Babcock its name was changed to "The Babcock Memorial Church." Its Church edifice was erected by the devoted friends of Dr. Babcock in the Brown Memorial and Babcock Memorial Church at the cost of about \$60,000 and dedicated Dec. 1, 1903.





tered to his joy. And no man enjoyed men, best of all to him, more than he. After his death, Robert Speer, in an article in the June number of the *Record of Christian Work* of that year, paid a most exquisite and appreciative tribute to these, as well as to other qualities of his rare nature.

His music was a wide, deep channel through which he poured the strong emotions of his soul. Seated at his organ, with his wife at the piano, or the reverse, he revelled in the grandest compositions of the great masters.

No commonplace music found recognition there. He was familiar with the best, the noblest harmonies. Through these, or through his own delightful improvisations, he would literally "Pour out his soul within him." It was unquestionably one of his modes of worship. His profile at such times bore an expression of aspiration peculiarly impressive.

VI

HIS WORK IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

Go
Right
On
Working.

—M. D. B.

*It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :*

*A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.*

—B. JONSON.

VI

HIS WORK IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

A SKETCH is not necessarily a fragment, or a part of an object. It should aim to present an entire outline. Imagination delights to fill in the details. Imperfect as this sketch must necessarily be, it would be still more so if there were no reference to Dr. Babcock's work with the students in school and college.

University preachers are comparatively new features in academic life, and have come to be important factors in it. To the work of the University chaplain were added the visits of lay speakers and preachers distinguished for their special gifts in influencing young men.

The Hill School at Pottstown, The Hotchkiss School at Lakeville, Conn., and Harvard,

92 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

Yale and Princeton Universities, among other institutions of learning, have been quick to appreciate and to take advantage of this new movement to bring the ablest and most consecrated Christian preachers and lay speakers in contact with their students. In this way hundreds, not to say thousands of young men have been awakened to the life in Christ. It was impossible that Dr. Babcock should be left out of such work. By "nature and nurture" he was peculiarly fitted for it. He was not only the boy's and the young man's man, but hero; and few men ever influenced their lives so forcefully and fruitfully as he.

This sketch of him cannot therefore leave out this important department of his activity as a Christian worker. But as this was on fields where I had not walked with him, and desiring to secure some testimonies at first hand, I have written to The Hill School at Pottstown, Pa., and to Harvard and Yale Universities for some direct impressions of

his work there. The long summer vacation, and the consequent absence from the universities of those to whom I applied, have precluded anything but brief descriptions from that source. The Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, of Yale, wrote: "I remember very plainly Dr. Babcock's last sermon in the college chapel here. It was on 'power.' He traced the use of the word through the New Testament, and the sermon was certainly a very strong one. I happen to call to mind two remarks which I overheard as I passed out of the chapel. One student said, 'That was the greatest sermon I ever heard.' The other replied, 'Yes, and would he not make a great actor?' Both were impressed with the power of the man, and one called attention to a certain dramatic element in his preaching. It is beyond question that Dr. Babcock was considered by the students one of the most virile, direct and helpful of the Yale preachers. He was also specially approachable by the men, and he always

94 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

was glad to avail himself of any opportunity for personal interviews with them."

The Rev. Dr. Francis G. Peabody, of Harvard, wrote: "You ask me for some reminiscence of the impression made by Dr. Babcock through his preaching to students of Harvard University. Under the system of religious administration at Harvard, Sunday evening worship is led by ministers of the various communions and from all parts of the country, so that those who are regular attendants are likely to hear the most commanding voices of the American pulpit. Dr. Babcock, in his short career, preached twice in our chapel; and the response to his message on the part of our young men was almost without precedent or parallel. I shall never forget the throng of youths who crowded towards him at the end of each service to express their gratitude. His accurate understanding of the habit of mind prevailing among educated youth, his entire freedom from professionalism of manner and

material, his personal vigour and charm, all combined to make him singularly winning; and he seemed to me the ideal of what a preacher to young men should be. I remember also, as a part of the same impression, his own expressions, in both instances, of the peculiar joy he had in this college preaching, and the sense of unconstrained contact with young minds. He was a most unusual combination of the boyish and the mature, the spontaneous and the reflective, the jubilant and the sympathetic; and these varying moods penetrated his sermons and gave them a peculiar appeal to the tidal life of youth. Many young men who thus listened to him at our university will, I believe, date not only their keenest impressions of religious truth but their confidence of the reality and simplicity of religion from the Sunday evenings with him in Appleton chapel."

Dr. John Meigs, principal of The Hill School, Pottstown, Pa., where Dr. Babcock

96 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

went on alternate months with Robert E. Speer, for several years, gave me the following exceedingly interesting account of his work in that institution: "Of no man can Paul's words, 'All things to all men,' be more aptly used than of Maltbie Babcock. It was true of him by reason of the force of his own nature, but more true because of that law which he himself characterized as 'Nature plus Nurture.' It was profoundly true because of the diversity and richness of his gifts, which betrayed the lover of Nature, 'the living garment of God,' and of all forms of physical activity, as well as the poet, musician and artist. He was all these by nature; but how much more by nurture!

"These gifts were combined in a radiant, magnetic personality that defies analysis. His employment of his rare powers seems even more marvellous than their possession.

"Self-effacement, that the face of Christ might more truly appear in his life, was the law of his service. Necessarily conscious of

power, to him it was the power of God working in and through him; delighting in the exercise of his gifts, he seemed alive only to the sense of the goodness of God who made him a servant for Jesus' sake. And yet, contradictory as it may appear, the kindling, quickening radiancy and joyousness of his speech and countenance might easily have suggested, to those who knew him not, the very 'abandon' of self-confidence, while those who really knew his soul found ever in this only the irrepressible joy of one who knew in whom he had believed, and was, therefore, confident.

"In no field of work did he make more distinctive use of his many and varied gifts than in his intercourse with boys and young men. His intense vitality and enthusiasm kept him ever young. His power of imagination instantly grasped their point of view and enabled him to put himself in their places; to think their thoughts after them; to enjoy their sports, to feel their struggles,

98 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

to know their temptations. There was no professional 'tang' about him; no peculiarity of manner or idiosyncrasy of personality to baffle or repel, but, from the first instant of meeting, there was everything in manner and form and speech to attract and charm the young. Boys forgot their shyness and reticence before this minister of grace, whose habits indicated the man, whose habiliments revealed the gentleman, and, instinctively, gave him the freedom of the city, of their hearts and minds.

"He sometimes visited schools and preached to the boys who, from year to year, eagerly looked for his return. We can see him seated, for the first time, at a table with a group of young fellows. Expecting to see a typical clergyman they look at him critically and find nothing characteristic of 'the cloth.' He opens conversation with some casual, friendly remark, and in the common courtesies of the table indulges in pleasant-ries, tells an interesting story, makes them

forget themselves, and has them spellbound before five minutes have passed. One story after another is told, each one more interesting than the last, until the boys at other tables look around to observe and share the merriment. But it is not all fun. As naturally and spontaneously as he has narrated the amusing anecdote does he glide into the recital of some strong, stirring incident of human life (alluding, perhaps, to its Christward side), as one might speak of an event of moment to any other dear, intimate friend. The young boy feels no self-consciousness, no embarrassment, no recoil, as if he were being forced into the courts of heaven '*vi et armis*,' but tingles with glad surprise to find new and obvious connection between human and divine life.

"Once, in giving an account of his experience with a black leopard in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and of how nearly he lost his arm by his impulsive kindness in feeding the dangerous brute, he described the treat-

100 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

ment he underwent at the surgeon's hands. As he showed the scar on his hand where the leopard's claw had caught him, he swiftly turned the conversation from the exciting channel of adventure into the serious one of application, and, in effect, preached a little sermon to those boys that will long be remembered by his hearers. He was like his Master, who ever preached from the common events of life, and took the flower in the field, the bird in the air, the cloud in the sky, the seed in the ground for His texts.

“On the occasion of his first visit to the school he arrived in time for evening prayers, Saturday night. After the brief service he stood for almost an hour before the boys and told them of a recent fishing trip for tarpon. As interesting as his vivid portrayal of his exciting experience in landing the fish was the sight of those boys listening with eager faces, some with open mouths, to that wonderful narrator. With what power and dramatic art he told that story! Those who

listened felt as if they too were struggling with the great fish, as with the perfect imitation of a man with the rod in his hand he described how he played with it. One saw by the intense expression of his face that he was living over the experience again in imagination; and, as he narrated it, he portrayed the whole scene before his audience. As he moved from side to side, one could see the fellows involuntarily move, too. They would not lose sight of a gesture or an expression of his mobile countenance. Was it any wonder that a man so in touch with the things most dear to boys' hearts should, on the following morning, hold them in the hollow of his hand, as he preached to them on the great theme of 'Overcoming'? He baited their attention, drew them to him, and, literally, fished for them as he had for the tarpon, and caught them as he had the fish,—always supremely and tirelessly a 'fisher of men.'

"One of the secrets of his power in preach-

ing to boys and young men was that very dramatic instinct which made him, all unconsciously to himself, portray, by gesture and expression as well as word, the thoughts of his mind. Once in preaching of the two men in the Bible, one of whom said 'I go' but went not, and the other of whom said 'I go not' but went, he gave, as a picture of the man who was quick and ready with his words, the formal salutation. Putting his heels together and straightening himself up, he said in quick military fashion, as he saluted with his hands to his forehead, 'Aye, aye, sir,' and then went on to describe the boy always quick to assent but impotent to do.

"Maltbie Babcock used his singular gift of word-painting and dramatic recital to reach the naive mind of youth, who understand the concrete but are often repelled by the abstract. Always assuming, or assuring them of the sonship of his youthful hearers to the Father, he never preached in theological or doctrinal terms. His theme was life, and

life controlled and guided by Jesus Christ as the only life worth living. He made straightforward appeals to the hardihood and manhood of young men. He made them feel the glory of strife and struggle, the impotence and ugliness of sin, and the misery of an invertebrate life and character. His was the red-blooded, robust gospel, the overcoming and conquering life. 'It made brutes men, and men divine.'

"Two weeks before sailing on his own last voyage he preached in the school from the text 'There go the ships.' His words bore largely upon three lines of thought—the port, the cargo, and the pilot. Who that heard him that night will ever forget his description of each man standing at the wheel of his life, of the different pilots of ambition and lust, selfishness and dishonesty, cowardice and hypocrisy, who came up to ask for a turn at the wheel, and his earnest appeal to those young lads, just starting out upon the voyage of life, to let Jesus Christ,

the true pilot, the only one who knows each rock and reef and peril of the voyage, take the wheel of their lives.

“He did not yield to the temptation to preach only to the multitude, ignoring the individual. He was as willing to take time to listen, in private, to the recital of his temptations by some weak, wayward boy, or of his intellectual difficulties by some thoughtful and sincere lad, as he was to walk the streets of the great city with some despairing man in the last throes of a struggle for self-mastery, past midnight and on into the early morning hours of dawning light and triumph.

“Great as was his power as a preacher, greater was his influence as a friend in moulding the lives and characters of the youths who knew him, by reason of his own elevated and consistent practice. His standards of conduct for himself were most rigorous, his generosity and charity to others were well nigh boundless. Not a few great preachers, seen under the searchlight of daily inter-

course, lessen or lose their influence because of reservations and discrepancies between dictum and deed. Not so with Maltbie Babcock. While he won his young hearers by his gifts and ideal personality, and held them with his strong and direct preaching, he fashioned and formed them through his noble and flawless daily life."

"Keep but God's model safe —
New men will rise to take its mould."

This chapter would not be complete without this contribution from Mr. Robert E. Speer, who not only knew Dr. Babcock very well, but is himself also one of the foremost of successful workers among boys and young men in schools and colleges.

"I think Dr. Babcock died on the threshold of his work for young men, especially for students. From his pastorate in Baltimore, aside from his remarkable work in Johns Hopkins University, he had gone out a little to the colleges and universities; but

106 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

he was just coming into a larger activity in this sphere from his pastorate in New York when he passed on. And yet he had already done a great deal. In half a dozen colleges and schools he was known and loved, and his visits were looked for with eager expectation. In some of these, his first visits had swept all barriers away, and given him a place of fullest admiration and regard in the hearts of the young men. In one, at least, his unconventional, fresh style was a little startling, but on his second visit, he won his way, and was voted by the graduating class that year, either the most popular, or next to the most popular preacher of the year. But such words do not describe his place and spirit. It was not popular that he sought to be, but spiritually helpful and creative. And young men felt this, and realized that they were hearing a man who lived the high and radiant life, and longed to win them to it. The same qualities which gave him power with other classes, gave him power with

young men. The genial, leaping joy; the hopeful, confident note of moral victory; the piquancy and intellectual zest of his way of putting things; the warmth and reality of his own acquaintance with the Saviour; the nobility and unflinching fidelity of his principles and ideals; the ability to relate the truth and power of the gospel to the common temptations and ordinary life of young men—these were only a few of the characteristics that made him simply fascinating to many young men. He knew their hearts, and he was bent upon winning them to the pure and Christlike life. One of his sermons which had a never failing charm for young men was on ‘Overcoming.’ This message of positive strength and good cheer, beyond all clouding, awoke in young men and boys those ‘intimations of immortality’ which it takes much sin to slay, and the light came back upon the skies of life again. And his own rich life assured young men that the highest life is the widest and fullest.

108 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

He could talk to them of any subject they chose. He could tell them of music, of art, of tarpon fishing, of poetry, of politics, and most of all, and this was the subject he chose, of Christ. Of course he had his own church work to do, and he reached multitudes of young men there; but even larger doors were opening before him among the thousands of students of our land; and he was but beginning a great work here, where the field is whitest to the harvest, and the grain to be gathered of value unsurpassed. There is no other class which puts reality to as severe a test. That he met their testing, and commended himself to them as gold was but one of the many evidences that, with him, the Refiner's work was done, and he could pass on."

VII
NEW YORK

Whose eye foresaw this way ?

Not mine.

Whose hand marked out this day ?

Not mine.

A clearer eye than mine,

'Twas Thine.

A wiser hand than mine,

'Twas Thine !

Then let my hand be still

In Thine,

And let me find my will

In Thine !

—M. D. B.



From a portrait taken November, 1899.



VII

NEW YORK

WHEN his call from the Brick Church, New York, came, so brought that even his own people at Baltimore, at last, most reluctantly confessed that the directing hand of Providence was apparent in it, he sought the counsel of several friends, and kept the matter open before God. The entire city of Baltimore was stirred with a strong desire to retain him. Committees from the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University and from the students, from the Ministers' Union and from many churches, and from various boards in the city waited on him, beseeching him to decline the call. The prominent citizens of every profession, and of every creed, and almost every race, strongly urged him to stay with them.

112 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

But when he became convinced that he was being led, they finally yielded, virtually saying, "The will of the Lord be done."

At the time that the committee of the Brick Church prosecuted the call, and went to Baltimore to meet Dr. Babcock and the session of the Brown Memorial Church, and pressed the claims of the great needs of New York City, Dr. van Dyke accompanied them. It was a memorable meeting. Dr. van Dyke afterwards said, that while he never had had any reason to doubt the love of his people for him, he had never known any minister loved as Dr. Babcock was loved by that people. The session broke down and sobbed. Dr. Babcock was completely melted. Dr. van Dyke was deeply moved. The chairman of the committee of the Brick Church said afterwards that he would not wish to be present again at any meeting so harrowing to one's feelings.

How can one describe that one year in New York City! It is a story that cannot

be told. Crowds waited on his every public utterance, eager, awakened and devout. Old men and young, old women and young, and children, who specially loved him, were closely drawn to him, and held by him. The children who always know, unerringly felt that he was their friend and lover. He had a sort of free-masonry with them that captured them and captivated them. A little incident that came to the knowledge of the family, after he had gone, particularly interested and gratified them.

A little fellow living in that quarter of the city, but not in that congregation came home one day in a state of great enthusiasm and excitement, and we will let him tell the story in his own words. "Mother, I have had the time of my life! O I have had a bully time! I've been to a fire!" "But, my son, I told you that you must not go to a fire, without some older person to go with you." "Well, that's just what I did—I was standing on the curb and watching a big fire engine go tear-

114 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

ing by, and wishing I could go too, when a man stopped, and said to me, 'Little man, would you like to go to that fire?' and I said, 'You bet I would!' and he just took my hand and said, 'Come with me,' and while we were going, he told me all about fire engines, and some grand stories about firemen saving people's lives from burning buildings, and everything!" "Well, my boy, who was it?" "Why it was that minister at the Brick Church." The story is cherished because it was very like him.

His personal appearance, as the great preacher in the Brick Church must be considered as a part of his power. It was masterful and most attractive. Few souls were ever more perfectly embodied. Dr. Ford of Sidon, Syria, who saw him only one night, as the Auburn Seminary party stopped there, en route for Beirut, wrote of him as follows, "The life and soul of the party was Dr. Maltbie Babcock, of the Brick Church, New York, successor to the Rev. Dr.

van Dyke. He is a man of overflowing spirits and fun ; tall, bright, sociable, unassuming, and consecrated. I can see why he has justly conquered, so quickly, a high place in the ranks of the distinguished clergymen of the great metropolis." A leading physician in Naples, called to see him at the hotel, before he was taken to the hospital, where he died from Mediterranean fever, was profoundly impressed with his physique. He referred again and again to his magnificent physical frame, his muscular power, and humorously said that he should little relish having such a man attack him on a dark night in the streets of Naples. With this, one must have in mind his personality, protean, and magnetic, giving him an influence that pervaded whatever place he entered. His presence was felt all through the house. It was hardly necessary to say "He is here." I recall a description given by one of his family, of an unexpected visit he made at the old home in Syracuse. Having

116 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

to go to Rochester from Baltimore, to give an address, he took an early train the next morning, reaching Syracuse before six o'clock. The dear old house stood "silent and aware." No one had as yet risen. There was not a nook nor corner of that house with which he was not perfectly familiar, and it was therefore easy for him to make a noiseless entrance. He opened the piano and began to play. Every one up-stairs was awakened. There was no mistaking the touch, his music was a part of his unique personality. In a few moments his brothers and sisters were leaning over the stair rail, crying, in joyful excitement—"Maltbie! It is Maltbie!" It was this strange, almost mysterious personality which made it impossible to report him. No verbatim speech ever quite conveyed what he said, as he said it. As the scientific, botanical analysis of a flower does not present the flower itself, for the beauty and the fragrance have escaped, the analysis being

secured, at their expense; so no report of his address or sermon held that, which was so much a part of what he said; his way of saying it. Dr. Purves said, after his death—"Maltbie Babcock impressed all who met him, or heard him, by the vigorous outflow of life, which he communicated to friends and hearers. It seemed to be the personality of the man which took hold of them, and held them fast. His mental acuteness made truth sparkle as he uttered it. He analyzed it, illustrated it, turned it over before you, that you might see it at different angles. He often dazzled by his brilliant suggestions; yet his discourse was not a mere display of truth. He was always practical. He put his own spiritual life into his teachings, that he might put the latter into his hearers. He aimed to make his people feel and then live the truth. His was a life filled with spiritual reality, giving itself, in word and act for and into the life of others. Of course this was magnetic; and

118 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

in this age when practical religious vitality is both appreciated and needed, his influence was expanding more and more." Can any of those who heard him, forget his pulpit appearance? The doctor's gown which he wore, after he went to New York, was peculiarly becoming to him, serving to set off more distinctly his broad shoulders, and the poise of his noble head; tall, athletic, sinewy, graceful in form and gesture, it was a pleasure simply to look at him. His fine face was the mirror of his soul, as he spoke. Some public speakers might as well wear veils or visors closed, so far as their faces are to be considered as factors in conveying impressions of what is said. Not a muscle moves, except in the mechanical exercise of speaking. There is not a flash of the eye, not a flush on the cheek, not a turn or quiver of the upper lip, one of the most expressive features of the face, in moving discourse. But when Maltbie Babcock was in the pulpit, he turned a radiant face to-

wards his waiting people. It was not dull and passionless at first, waiting to warm and glow as he moved on, under the spell of his thought. Before he uttered a word, the expression of his face was sympathetic, anticipative and prophetic. He captured the attention and warm sympathy of his hearers at the outset. When he began to speak his voice added to the charm. Professor Fagnani said of his voice, "It was a great gift, a wonderful organ, clarion-toned, and thrilling like a trumpet call." No one who ever heard it can forget it—vibrant, powerful, sympathetic, perfectly under his control, and adapting itself to all his varied moods. He selected his hymns with the greatest care, making them the prelude to his theme. This was a peculiar characteristic of his predecessor. And some of his people said on Dr. Babcock's first Sunday at the Brick Church, "I shall never be quite satisfied unless our new pastor shows that fine cultured discrimination and worshipful feeling which were so

120 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

apparent in Dr. van Dyke's selection of his hymns." When that first service was over they said, "I am content, it was perfect." The selection from the Scripture was read with singular clearness and reverence, with a flood of light let in, now and then, on a difficult passage, by his illuminating accent, or emphasis. But it was his prayer before the sermon which opened all the gates of one's heart and brought one unresisting to the very altar of God. Every Sunday it was a new prayer. There were no worn ruts of trite expressions. Each sentence was as new and fresh as his own rich experience in secret prayer, that morning, before the service. Joy, thankfulness, reverence, confession, and childlike confidence, implicit faith, vehement holy desire, intense sympathy with, and appreciation of the wants of the congregation, and a quick and quickening understanding of his office as an intercessor, all had their place and expression in that thrilling prayer. Had there been no

sermon following it, one would have felt a Divine blessing, and would have gone away filled. It is a source of great regret, that there was no one to take down a stenographic report of his prayers and of his sermons. For while nothing, in the way of a report, however full, could convey what he said, as the hearer saw him say it, yet as one did not ordinarily see him, while he prayed, a full report of the prayer might revive the strange thrill of reverent feeling, provided there was the same spiritual atmosphere from the evident presence of the spirit of God as when the prayer was offered. And now that the notes of his sermons prove to be indecipherable, the sense of loss grows upon us. The few fragments preserved in that precious book, "Thoughts for Every-Day Living," prepared by Mrs. Babcock and Miss Sanford, are so illuminating. Single sentences and phrases bulk so large, they send such flashes of light into the dark recesses of things never told, that our hearts

122 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

ache for a volume of full reported sermons, with all the lack they would inevitably have, of the way he spoke them.

It was not surprising that his church, on Fifth Avenue, was thronged. That was not a strange thing for that church, at the morning service, under the inspiring ministry of Dr. van Dyke, but the latter rarely preached at the second service, towards the close of his pastorate. But at Dr. Babcock's afternoon service the church was as packed with eager, devout hearers, as in the morning. It was at an unpropitious hour, few people were in the habit of going to any church at 4 o'clock P. M. The tired faithful workers in the missions, those saints, ordinarily counted on to break up the waste places of the second service, were at that time at their mission schools. He had settled, most satisfactorily, that problem of the second service usually so puzzling to the pastor. The Rev. Dr. Martin wrote for the *Christian Intelligencer*, after Dr. Babcock's death a very able article,

from which I quote, to give his impression also of Dr. Babcock in the pulpit.

“What were the elements that entered into the great popularity and success of this young preacher? He had a combination of rare qualities not frequently given to any one man; well-born, athletic, a fine musician, a clever poet, the instincts of an artist, a clear thinker, a powerful and persuasive orator. Added to all this was a certain indefinable personal magnetism, which gave him power over the individual in conversation, or over an audience in preaching. Men were charmed with him, women were entranced with him, and children loved him. He was a pure soul consecrated to Christ. When he stood up to preach, all the qualities that I have named did their part in sending the truth home to those who listened. But there was not the slightest trace of self-consciousness in the preacher. You forgot the messenger, in the intense interest created by the message. The preacher used no manu-

124 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

script, and gave you the impression of one who was complete master of the situation. The bigger the audience, the less tremour and the more confidence there was in his voice. His thoughts were not tethered to notes of any sort, and what is the more remarkable, there was no sophomoric declamation about the sermon, as though it had been memorized in the study. As you sat in the pew you felt yourself listening to a man whose soul was a reservoir of truth bursting for outlet. His words came like a torrent, with no thought concerning the polish or finish of sentences, and yet, devoid of art, they were in the highest sense artistic. Epigrams flashed and illumined whole paragraphs; single sentences made their dent upon the memory; you felt that the speaker had been sitting at the feet of Truth, and had absorbed and digested in his own experience, that which he was giving out for our consideration. His attitude was ever that of the soldier who had serious business

on hand, even the King's, and it required haste. There was blood-red earnestness from the time the text was spoken to the abrupt 'Let us pray' at the end. No wonder God so wonderfully used and blessed the efforts of such a man. He had gotten beyond the place where he was in bondage, either to vanity, or ambition for the applause of men. Hence no fear of criticism, nor of breaking over the bounds of conventionality kept him from being his own sincere self, and declaring the whole counsel of God. The charm of his preaching is what Frederick Robertson, whom he is said to have resembled, would have called the 'reality of it.' He laid hold of the intuitions of the soul and spoke to their most earnest questionings. Not only was his message fresh and up to date, it was always Scriptural and spiritual. He was essentially a man's preacher. Great multitudes of men were in attendance upon his ministry every Sabbath. And he knew what was in man, and believed that God had

126 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

put every man here for the purpose of working out a plan of God, that every man had within him the power of the endless life. There was no wonder that great throngs hung upon the words of this prophet of God. They found their problems answered, their thirst refreshed, and they left the pews with the feeling that life was after all an earnest and purposeful thing, and that they were commissioned to build up the world, by building up so much of it as lay within the development of their own characters."

He aimed to bend everything to his special endowment of power for his work as a minister of the gospel. He never hesitated a moment over questions of policy. Like Paul he held tenaciously to the doctrine of Christian liberty. But he had more delight in waiving his use of that liberty, than in exercising it, if his use of it might in any way interfere with his usefulness. Knowing so well his native dramatic power, and his great enjoyment of good comedy

and tragedy, I asked him if he ever went to the theatre. "Never." Bearing in mind his delight in the best music, and his familiarity with many scores of celebrated compositions in opera, oratorio and orchestral music, I said, "How about the opera? Do you never go?" "Never." Any one, who knew him well, would not have to ask why. I knew that it was Paul's reason. But Mr. Trumbull, in the *Sunday-School Times*, after Dr. Babcock left us, related two incidents which explained and illustrated his reason, and which I here quote. "When lunching one day with some business men, Dr. Babcock was offered a cigar, and a hope was expressed that he would join the others in a social smoke. Instantly his face lighted up with one of his winning smiles, and he said to the speaker: 'Thank you very much for your kindness. But you know I have a profession that means more to me than anything else in the world. I guard it very jealously. I am liable to be called out at any time of

128 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

night or day, in the service of my profession, and if I were called suddenly to the bedside of some one who was dying, it wouldn't seem just right, would it—if I had the odour of tobacco in my clothes and on my breath. So you will pardon me won't you, if I don't join you in this.' ”

At another time one of the wealthier members of his congregation offered him the use of his box at the opera, through the season, and instantly this reply came: “I can't thank you enough for the kindness you are showing me. But you know how a surgeon, in practicing his profession, is not only obliged to keep his hands and linen free from dirt, but he must keep himself aseptically clean as well. Now, in my profession, I have to be even more careful than a surgeon, and so I must be careful about things that might do harm in even the most indirect way. You will understand perfectly, I know, why I cannot accept the great kindness you are offering me, though I

do thank you for it from the bottom of my heart."

Through all the hurry, pressure, claims and calls to public work and pastoral care, and he called on every member of that great church in that year, he moved in an atmosphere of great peace of mind, getting evidently nearer daily to the great source of life and power. One evening or late afternoon in that last January of his earthly life, we stood for quite a while on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 37th Street, watching the whirl of the great city's life. The Waldorf-Astoria, lighted to its crown, glowed just below us; across the corner was his church; just back of us was his home, made most attractive and beautiful by the combined exquisite taste of both him and his wife. I said to him, "Maltbie, are you at home here, are you happy in your work?" "I love it," came the instant reply. It was then that I had a memorable experience in the manse, in this my last visit with them. His

invitation to be with them at that time, was characteristic. A concert was to be given in New York, which he knew I would specially enjoy, and he wrote to me, then at Scranton, Pa., "Come down next week to the concert. You put up with us, and we will put up with you." While there and resting in my room, he came in. I had just been thinking with regret, of my inability to be present at the Retreat held in the November previous, by the New York Presbytery, where he and Robert Speer took a very prominent part among the speakers. And I asked him, if, then and there, we could not have a reminder of that time, so blessed to those present—if we could not have a little Retreat in that room, he giving me the line of his thought on the former occasion. He cordially consented, and in about fifteen minutes returned and began, in a quiet but very thrilling way, a monologue on Habakkuk's prayer. While we were moving out into the depths of

his subject and his treatment of it, the door opened and Mrs. Babcock entered. They were so thoroughly one, that it never for a moment seemed like an intrusion, to arrest the flow of thought and feeling. On the contrary, it seemed to increase it. She sat down on the arm of his chair, and putting his arm around her, he went on with the rich exposition of his theme, all of us deeply moved by the intense spiritual character of that service. The direction of his thought, and the prayer he offered, were certainly the result of Christ's being in him, with great power.

Soon after that came the end, that voyage to the Holy Land with the Auburn Seminary party. Letters were received from Gibraltar telling of the delightful voyage, with humorous sketches of droll incidents. The full account of the trip is given most graphically in his published letters to the Men's Society of the Brick Church. One of his last letters was written to me, from the camp near

132 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

Shechem, in the Lord's land. He referred particularly to the death of our eldest son, one of his most intimate friends; and the last sentence which he ever wrote me, was this: "I had such a happy dream of you and Ed last night. What a good time we shall have way ahead." Within a few short weeks he had entered into that life. He was "way ahead." That he should have been taken is one of the mysteries hidden in God's most holy will. But his life is full of most animating lessons. It was like a benediction to know him, to love him, and be loved by him. There is a benediction in recalling, even in this imperfect way, these reminiscences.

Lord, let me make this rule,
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine
This dullard head of mine,

Should I be sad ?
I will be glad.
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

If weary with my book
I cast a wistful look
Where posies grow,
O let me know
That flowers within
Are best to win.

Dost take my book away
Anon to let me play,
And let me out
To run about ?
I grateful bless
Thee for recess.

Then recess past, alack
I turn me slowly back,
On my hard bench,
My hands to clench,
And set my heart
To learn my part.

These lessons Thou dost give
To teach me how to live,
To do, to bear,
To get and share,
To work and play,
And trust alway.

134 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

What though I may not ask
To choose my daily task?
Thou hast decreed
To meet my need.
What pleases Thee,
That shall please me.

Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out
And lessons done,
I homeward run.

—M. D. B.

VIII
IN MEMORIAM

*This is the death of Death, to breathe away a
breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless
life.*

*And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear
And work, nor care, nor rest, and find the last the
best.*

—M. D. B.

VIII

IN MEMORIAM

I AM permitted to quote from the many tributes to Dr. Babcock, gathered in the *Brown Memorial Monthly* of June, 1901. The article written for the *Evangelist* by the late distinguished pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, Dr. George T. Purves, who so soon, in another mystery of Providence, followed him, an article from which I have already quoted, closes as follows : —

“ In the personal relations of life he fascinated the hearts of his friends. He had the sprightliness of a boy with the maturity of a man. He was full of humour and fond of healthy play, yet retained the spiritual temper of a servant of God. He had also an artist's soul. Music was a passion with him ;

138 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

song and poetry a delight. He loved the beautiful in nature. He had keen, quick insight, and could put his vision of truth into epigrammatic phrases that were as suggestive as they were terse. His enthusiasm was contagious; his mind was ever active; his nervous energy was the symptom of the intensity of his life. His genuineness of character, his sincerity and naturalness, made him peculiarly lovable to those who knew him.

✓ “And so we mourn with hosts of others, the strange Providence which has taken from the church this noble instrument of good. To the sorrowing wife, in the distant land, we offer our tender sympathy. We thank God, however, that she was with him to the end; and we doubt not that others of that party, who started joyfully on the long-planned journey, were also there to aid and comfort. We remember also that heaven is as near to Italy as to America; that the Saviour, whom he loved and served, was as close to him in Naples as He would have

been in New York. We turn our thoughts to the joy into which he has entered, to the loftier song in which he has now joined; to the music of the harps of gold by the crystal sea. He went to see the Holy Land; he has gone to the land of holiness itself. He went to trace the footprints of the Lord on earth; he has gone to the real presence of the Christ. He went to the Jerusalem where Jesus was crucified; he has gone to the Heavenly Jerusalem where Jesus is glorified. While friends and people mourn his absence and his seemingly untimely end, he has reached already his reward and has won his crown. His life has not ended. It is only the preparation for the life that has been finished and has gone into larger service in the world beyond the gates. Noble fellow workman; thou hast but gone before the rest of us a little while."

The Presbyterian Journal had an excellent editorial, from which I quote these words:

"A complete analysis of Dr. Babcock's

140 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

life and character would be difficult to give. He was one of those few men whose worth transcends estimate. Worth is often conspicuous by a single talent. Such was not true of him. He was a man of many sides, attractive in physique, pleasant in manner, with a soul that reflected God.

“ Real worth is always a composite. It is never a segment, but always the circle. Dr. Babcock was a clear thinker, a fluent speaker, and one who knew the proper relations of things. And yet he was more than all these. God shone through him. Goodness, with him, was not a thing apart, it was himself. His place many can take, few can fill. Why God took him is the most mysterious of all. All Providence touches the infinite, and the wisdom of this lies beyond rational conjecture. This world needed him much, but the other needed him more ; and here it becomes us to be silent. His influence will pass into a thousand lives, and only cease at the judgment. Im-

mortality begins with life. Death intensifies, but cannot destroy. Some day things will be made plainer. Until then we must wait."

A copy of the minute adopted by the session of the Brick Church, New York City, upon the death of our pastor, the Reverend Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D. D., who departed this life at Naples, Italy, on the eighteenth day of May, 1901.

During a century and a third of our ecclesiastical history, but thrice has the pastorate been terminated by the death of the pastor in office. The Reverend Doctors John Rogers and Gardiner Spring had each more than lived out the full tale of threescore years and ten; each had been for fifty years the minister of this people, when God called him away—full of years and honours, his successful work well rounded out. But the active pastorate of Dr. Babcock lasted but little over a year. He came to us under circumstances strikingly indicative of the guidance of the good hand of God. He was the

142 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

unanimous choice of officers and people—there was no second choice—nor was there an instant's hesitation as to his being *the* man we needed. The Presbytery of New York too was so convinced that Dr. Babcock's great heart and devoted service were needed in this city, that they adopted the unusual course of appointing a committee to urge upon him the acceptance of our call. Even then his coming would have been well nigh impossible, but for the influence of the Divine spirit strengthening him to sever heart-ties stronger than bands of steel; convincing him that sacred duty beckoned him away from all the associations of an ideal home, and devoted people, and a great work well maintained, to come among strangers; to enter a harder field; to assume heavier responsibilities. The same Divine influence overruled the opposition of the church and the City of Baltimore—indeed, moving the people, who loved him, not to refuse consent when his duty seemed clear to him that he

should go. He came to us—A MAN! ‘Great-heart’ in every sense! Tall, strong, full of life; with an eloquence all his own; with that subtle influence we call ‘personal magnetism,’ for want of a better name. He came trusting us, and holding nothing of himself in reserve—accepting us with all the trust and simplicity of a child. Although he went in and out among us for the brief space of a single year, he has left an indelible mark upon the church, the Presbytery and the Greater City. His arduous duties were performed with supreme devotion, and, withal, so systematized that it was well said of him he would have been successful as the head of the greatest business organization. But it is not our crowded services nor the magnificent success, with even greater audiences, at the Ecumenical Conference, or People’s Institute, that most clearly marked him as a man of God in the highest sense of the term. These count for much, and many have been the souls won for the Master

144 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

without more personal contact than the Divine Influence emanating from his pulpit presence ; but his greatest work has been upon individual lives, to whom he has ministered in season and out of season, by day and by night, imparting to the feeblest something of his own vitality and faith, demonstrating, by his very look, his love of God and assured trust in Him, while winning and holding both strong and weak by his tactful ministrations. How many have been led to the Saviour by this personal influence, how many have been steadied in their faith and drawn back from the brink of temptation by his hand, we may never know here. His soul, too, was attuned to music, his life itself a hymn of praise. From Dr. Babcock we have gained a clearer vision of what must have been the personal influence of the Man Christ Jesus, when he walked the paths of that Holy Land from which our pastor was called to walk with Him the streets of the

New Jerusalem and beside the still waters of the River of God.

This is far from being a formal minute and impossible to frame as a resolution. The sense of our loss is too recent, the shock of the blow too great for measured words. We can only bow before the unsolvable mystery of his death at forty-two, in the midst of so great a work, and the greater need for such a man as he. But we can at least turn away in humility from a contemplation of the Providence which has bereft us, and with one accord unite in thanks to God that this church was permitted to have such leadership and we such a friendship through all too short a year."

The Funeral Service at Brick Church

(Prepared by Dr. H. M. Simmons at the request of the pastor of the Brown Memorial Church.)

Not in the experience of generations does

146 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

it fall to the lot of a loving people to pay tribute to the virtues of a departed servant of God in such significant terms, as characterized the two great gatherings in Baltimore and New York commemorating the life and death of our beloved brother and former pastor. Who of all the living has ever witnessed ceremonies so unique and yet so befitting, as were observed by these two great cities, widely distant, yet through this common sorrow bound by the indissoluble ties of human sympathy and affectionate interest. Why these outpourings of rended hearts from every quarter? Because the ascended was more than the pastor of Brown Memorial Church—more than the minister of Brick Church. Endowed with a multanimous nature and possessing rare personal comeliness, he had won thousands through his complex personality; but the secret of his magnetic power was embodied in his fervid heart-love for humanity. The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of

Man was an ever regnant principle in his every act and thought.

In this funeral service as in the memorial, it was as though the absent one before his departure had expressed a wish which had been sacredly observed. Such was his power over men while in the body, that even in death no service was too sacred, no act too trivial for those who would do honour to the character of him who stamped every opportunity, every obligation with the seal of fidelity. And so with one mind, one heart, the thread of one common purpose running throughout, the arrangements for the funeral obsequies had been perfected. They bore the tender impress of woman's hand, of that one, for whose bleeding heart the prayers of the Christian world ascend—the devoted wife. For the order of funeral service was really the crystallization of Mrs. Babcock's own suggestions, who of all others knew best the innermost recesses of that great heart which had throughout the years

148 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

beat in perfect unison with hers. As if to harmonize with the ever-memorable Memorial service in Baltimore, so were the funeral arrangements in New York. Impressive were they, yet happily free from those dark, dismal funereal rites which tend only towards depression. Instead, victory was the keynote; triumphant strains were exultant throughout. As an orderly plan in the arrangements, fifteen hundred cards of admission had been issued to the Brick Church congregation and painstaking provision made for the Baltimore attendants. In this connection it is worthy of note that the most kindly and thoughtful consideration was shown our people, by those in authority. Both official and informal recognition of this fact has been communicated to the session of the Brick Church. Through the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a special car was placed in service for the Brown Memorial people. Before the hour appointed the large edifice was entirely filled

and many were gathered upon the streets outside. The floral decorations were emblematically significant. The purple and black were relieved by a profusion of green and white flowers. The front of the gallery was hung with wreaths of white roses; the rear of the platform was banked with palms, and great banks of spiræa were heaped up at either side of the reading desk. Nine larger wreaths of rhododendrons were arranged around the side galleries. A large wreath of roses, violets and lilies of the valley was the tribute of the ushers. The casket was placed immediately in front of the pulpit, at the head of the centre aisle. The space in front of the platform, at either end, and behind the casket, was so banked with syringæ blossoms that the effect was as if the casket were resting in a garden of syringæ. The floral pieces were placed at either end of the casket. The floral decoration on the casket was a wreath of laurel, placed there by members of the family. The wreath was tied

150 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

with a large knot of purple ribbon, the ends of which fell upon the black silk gown, which the doctor wore in the pulpit of the Brick Church and which, at Mrs. Babcock's suggestion, was thrown over the casket as the flag is thrown over the coffin of a soldier. The seats on either side of the middle aisle were reserved for the family, the honourary pall-bearers, members of the New York Presbytery, delegations of clergymen from denominations other than Presbyterian, and the members from Brown Memorial Church. The funeral party entered in a column of twos. At the head was the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke of Princeton University, Dr. Babcock's predecessor as pastor of the Brick Church. With him walked the Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of Union Theological Seminary. Then came the Rev. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church; and with him our own pastor. After them came the Rev. James N. Farr, formerly assistant pastor of

the Brick Church and now pastor of Christ Church, affiliated with the Brick Church. With him walked the Rev. George S. Webster, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, also affiliated. After the clergy came the four honorary pall-bearers from Brown Memorial Church,—John P. Ammidon, James A. Gary, William A. Hanway, H. M. Simmons,—followed by the honorary pall-bearers from the Brick Church. Following these were the members of the family. As the procession moved along the aisle, Dr. van Dyke, who conducted the services, recited appropriate passages of Scripture, the organist playing an improvisation. As the participating clergymen took their seats upon the platform one could not but observe the unusual fact that all were comparatively young men in the ministry—classmate, companion in travel, affiliated ministers, predecessor in the Brick Church pulpit and successor in the Brown Memorial pulpit. “Ten Thousand Times Ten Thou-

152 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

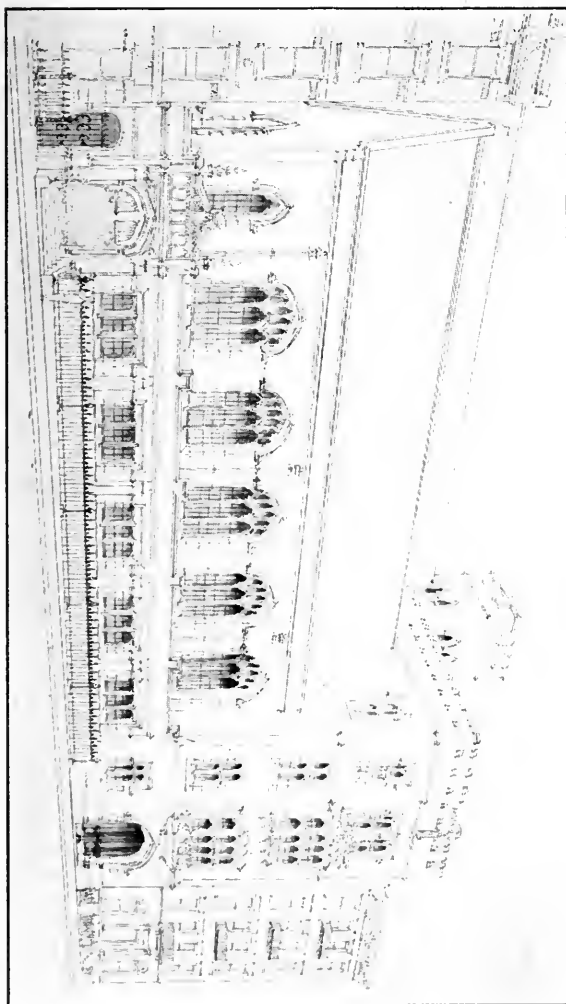
sand," one of Dr. Babcock's favourite hymns, was sung by the congregation, the choir leading. Dr. van Dyke then arose and with evident emotion said :

"Let me tell you, as simply as possible, the form of these services. Dr. Cuthbert Hall will offer prayer. Dr. Wilton Smith, who was with our brother on that journey through the Holy Land, will read the Scriptures and the Rev. Mr. Stone, pastor of Dr. Babcock's old church in Baltimore, will pronounce the benediction. There will be no address, not because there is nothing to say, but because of the wish of her whose wish with us to-day is sacred. But what need of an address? One does not light a candle to find a sunbeam. This is a family funeral. We are all mourners here, because we loved Maltbie Babcock. And then it was his wish that there should be no address. Some two years ago he and I were talking, and he asked if there was anything peculiar in the services of this church. I told him there

The Christ Church Memorial Buildings
334-344 West 36th St. bet. 8th and 9th Aves.

Christ Church is affiliated with the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, and the fruit of one of its most successful missions. These "Memorial Buildings" combine a church to "commemorate the loving and faithful service of Henry Van Dyke, D. D., L. L. D., Pastor of the Brick Church 1883-1900, during whose ministry, and under whose leadership, Christ Church was organized as an independent congregation, June 1888." Also a Church House with many rooms and appliances for Church work, erected originally in memory of Randolph M'Alpine 1870-1893, and rebuilt and enlarged, in fulfilment of the purpose, and in "grateful remembrance of the ministry of Maltbie Davenport Babcock, D. D., Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church 1900-1901."

The entrance to the Church House is at the right of the Church proper. It is in the style of the domestic gothic of Oxford, and is really an L of the Church House which is a five story building completely screened from the street by the high ridge of the Church roof.





was not, except that we omitted addresses at funerals. And then he said: 'I am glad of that. I have never made a funeral address and I don't want any made for me.' So there will be no address."

The scriptural reading by Dr. Smith, and the prayers by Dr. Hall and Dr. van Dyke were full of pathos, and stirred the emotions of every one present. One of the most affecting features of the service was the rendering as an anthem, those immortal lines "Emancipation," penned by Dr. Babcock. The music was composed for the occasion by Mr. S. Archer Gibson, aforetime organist of the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore. The solo part was effectively sustained by Mr. M. R. Faville, formerly precentor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cortland, N. Y. After the singing of another of Dr. Babcock's favourite selections, "For all thy saints who from their labours rest," the benediction was pronounced by Mr. Stone and the funeral party retired from the

154 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

church to the music of an improvised recessional.

Baltimore's Tribute

*The field for fourteen years of Dr. Babcock's
ministry.*

“The memorial service held in Baltimore on the afternoon of June 2d, was a rare tribute to Dr. Maltbie Davenport Babcock as a preacher and as a man. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, black and white, gathered to do honour to the broad-minded and great-hearted man whom they loved as probably no other minister has ever been loved in Baltimore. The largest auditorium in the city, the Music Hall, was thronged by an audience numbering about 4,000. Three college presidents and five representative ministers of different communions were the speakers. The testimonies referred to different phases of Dr. Babcock's many-sided character. Here are

some significant sentences from the addresses :

“ Rev. J. T. Stone, successor to Dr. Babcock as pastor of Brown Memorial Church, presiding, said : ‘ His great power lay in his Christlike thoughtfulness for others. Dr. Babcock’s life is fittingly symbolized by the vine planted on our church wall years ago by Dr. and Mrs. Babcock, and which has sent out its tendrils, climbing higher and higher year by year, until now it covers the whole building. His life was an inspiration to all. It was a broad life, ever ready to cover the defects of others.’ President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, spoke especially of Dr. Babcock’s influence on young men. ‘ To many a young man within the sound of my voice Dr. Babcock was like Hopeful in Pilgrim’s Progress, releasing them from doubt and despair with the key of promise. Bright, playful, forceful in diction, his greatest power was this—he knew how to reach hearts.’ Rev. Oliver Huckel, of the Asso-

156 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

ciate Congregational Church, spoke of Dr. Babcock's unusual and varied gifts. 'What a many-sided man he was—musician, poet, artist, athlete, preacher! Every phase of his versatile life was radiant with his own indefinable, magnetic, buoyant and magnificent personality. He was a living exponent of a full-rounded Christianity.'

"President J. F. Goucher, of the Woman's College, spoke of Dr. Babcock in his relation to student life. 'He was a man of clear vision. He saw much more than the average man. He looked on men, not as lawyers, physicians, mechanics merely, but he saw in each one individual possibilities. He was a specialist in applied Christianity—and here was the secret of his power with students. Wherever he went he inspired to the highest effort.'

"Rev. A. C. Powell, rector of Grace Episcopal Church, spoke of Dr. Babcock as a minister of the Gospel. 'He had a sublime love for God and a sublime love for man.

Of all professional men the minister must embody his own teaching in his own character. In a marked degree did Dr. Babcock attain and discharge an ideal ministry among men.'

"President Patton, of Princeton, spoke of Dr. Babcock as a preacher to college students. 'There are not many great preachers, and there are fewer great college preachers. Dr. Babcock was one of them. He was a master of speech. He had a marvellous synthesis of feeling and will, and an unusual concentration of thought. The secret of his power lay in his desire to make men better and their lives brighter. Attractive physically, touching life at many points, knowing young men, acquainted with their phraseology, he was always sure of a sympathetic response from a student audience.'

"The last speaker, Rabbi Guttmacher, of the Madison Avenue Temple, closed the memorial service with a brief but remarkable address. He said: 'This large assemblage,

158 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

representing our entire community, without distinction of class or creed, is its own spokesman on this occasion. Baltimore is within these walls. Here are gathered educators, jurists, artists, merchants and artisans, and yet our sentiment is one. We mourn the loss of one who used his great powers of heart and mind in the service of man. In Lessing's great dramatic poem, "Nathan the Wise," we find a conversation between a Jew and a Christian, in which the latter praises the good and noble qualities of Nathan. The Jew, in answer, says, "That which makes Nathan in thine eyes a Christian makes him in mine an Israelite." Blessed be God for the life of such a man, for the fragrance of his memory. In the words of the rabbis: 'May a memory of his righteousness be a blessing forever and forever.' "

"Two of Dr. Babcock's hymns were sung to his own music. A memorial church, to be called by his name and costing \$50,000 is to be erected immediately to perpetuate Dr.

Babcock's inspiring influence in Baltimore."—*B. U. Congregationalist*.

Babcock Memorial Church

Baltimore, Md.

We are sure no one has heard anything but joyful willingness from our people at the proposed change in the name of our church. True we have all learned to love that name "Park," because some very happy experiences have been found in its walls. But we love the new name far more, because we shall be continually reminded of the unselfish life of a devoted Christian man. At the meeting of the congregation on June 12, called to legally accept our new name, Mr. Scovel was asked to act as chairman, and Mr. Warren Search as clerk. A unanimous vote authorized our trustees to see that our charter was amended so as to read the "Babcock Memorial Presbyterian Church." Mr. A. S. Niles offered his services to see that

160 Maltbie Davenport Babcock

the change in the charter was correctly made. The congregation then adopted this resolution which was presented by Mr. Scovel.

Resolved that,—“ In the change of the name of our church from the ‘ Park Presbyterian Church ’ to the ‘ Babcock Memorial Presbyterian Church,’ we recognize the peculiar appropriateness of this action.

“ Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock was the divine agent in founding and fostering this work which has been so graciously guided and prospered by the Master. None could have been a more loyal friend and patron than he. The present building was an answer to his earnest appeal. The completed edifice, to be erected in his honour, will be a testimonial of many friends’ gratitude for a life lived so fully for them here, one which is being lived now even more abundantly in his home above.

“ The first name was his gift to us, because of the great natural beauty of our neighbouring park. The second name we believe to be God’s gift to us, because of the great spiritual beauty of that noble soul, not long since touching and lifting us, now forever abiding in and inspiring us.

“ Closely intertwined with his love and effort for our church was an equal devotion

from his truly sympathetic life-comrade. To her also we owe a debt of gratitude which can only be acknowledged.

“Our message to her of our deepest sympathy, our heart-thrilling pride in our new name, and of new consecration to his and our Master, passes beyond words, and shall be interpreted by the Spirit of Peace who leads through testing to triumph, through Christ to Eternal Life.”

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